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[ONE PENNY.]



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY—DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

WE (*Athenaeum*) are told that one of Mr. Hullah's daughters intends to attempt the stage.

HER Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Prussia gave birth to a Prince at three o'clock on Monday morning.

WE understand that Dr. Selwyn, the Bishop of Lichfield, has been selected as honorary chairman of Mr. Beresford Hope's committee.

HIS Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge entertained on Friday evening, at Gloucester House, Park-lane, a distinguished party of military officers at dinner.

THREE Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duke of Cambridge, the Princess Mary of Teck, and the Prince of Teck honoured the Lyceum with their presence on Saturday evening.

AN official committee, composed of Mr. Mowbray, Mr. Ward Hunt, and Mr. Solater-Booth, is sitting to investigate complaints as to salaries of the employés of the Customs and Inland Revenue Departments.

WE regret to learn by telegraph that Sir David Brewster, the venerable principal of the University of Edinburgh, died at half-past seven o'clock on Monday evening at his seat, Allersley House, near Melrose. This distinguished philosopher was born in 1781.

HER Royal Highness the Princess Mary of Teck and his Serene Highness the Prince of Teck left Kensington Palace on Tuesday on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, at Badminton House, where a select party assembled to meet the illustrious guests.

COLONEL BRUCE has been appointed chief constable of Lancashire, vice Captain Elgie, resigned. There were 250 magistrates present, and Colonel Bruce was appointed by a majority of twenty, his strongest opponent being Captain Palin, of Manchester.

IN consequence of Mr. Hope having announced himself as a candidate at Cambridge, Mr. Melly, the Liberal candidate for Stoke-upon-Trent has issued his address. He advocates a revision of the Reform Act, and is in favour of the Manchester education scheme, and of "Justice to Ireland."

WE regret to learn that the venerable Principal of Edinburgh University is in a state of health that causes considerable anxiety to his friends. On Thursday night he was very ill; and on Saturday he continued extremely weak, no improvement taking place in his condition.

THE inquiry into the allegations regarding Mr. Doulton's connection with a contractor to the Metropolitan Board of Works terminated with a resolution to the effect "that the statements made by Mr. Furness before the Registrar of the Bankruptcy Court, on oath, and adhered to by him, have been proved."

THE *John Bull* announces that the Duke of Marlborough is prepared with an Educational Bill, which will develop the existing system rather than introduce a new one. "It will not, we hear, substitute local for imperial taxation, but aid will probably be given to poorer parishes now debarred from the grant, and uncertificated schoolmasters will, under certain conditions, be aided. Miss Burdett Coutts's plan for grouping parishes may not improbably be tried."

HIS Excellency the Italian Minister has arrived at the Italian Legation, in Grosvenor-street, from Nice, where the Marquis d'Azeglio has been sojourning for the past six weeks for the benefit of his health, which, we are happy to say, has greatly improved. His Excellency will relinquish his duties as minister plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's on or about the 1st proximo. His successor, we believe, has not yet been appointed by the Italian Government.

MR. H. B. SHERIDAN, M.P., has assumed the chairmanship of a re-organised committee of Mexican Bondholders. It is high time some movement was made to protect the interests of these long-suffering creditors; and with a little energy and activity there can be no doubt that their position could be improved. Even under the republic of Juarez, backed by representations from the Foreign Office, some endeavour might be made to keep faith with the old arrangements, which would ensure a payment of dividends.

THE PRINCE OF WALES terminated his visit to Kimbolton Castle on Saturday, taking leave of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, and proceeding to the Kimbolton Station of the Midland Railway in a carriage and four, whence he left by special train at five o'clock, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel and Colonel Kingscote. The Prince having arrived at Huntingdon, the saloon carriage was attached to the 5.30 ordinary train, by which his Royal Highness proceeded to Sandringham, via Cambridge, Ely, and King's Lynn.

THE Duke and Duchess of Manchester on Friday night gave a grand dance in honour of the Royal visit. There were nearly 500 present, more than half of whom were members of the 1st (Duke of Manchester's) Light Horse Volunteer Company, whose scarlet uniform added much to the effect. In the first set of quadrilles the Prince of Wales had for a partner the Duchess of Manchester. The Duke of Manchester had for a partner the Countess of Westmoreland, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar danced with Lady Cecilia Bingham. Supper was served at one o'clock, and dancing was resumed and carried on until half-past four o'clock.

NOW that the circumstances connected with, or, rather accessory to, Lord Jersey's retirement from the turf, have been made public, it is the general topic of conversation in club circles, and bids fair to prove more than a nine days' wonder. The turf, like every other flourishing institution, has its enemies, who gladly avail themselves of an opportunity to level their fierce diatribes against the national pastime; but there is some consolation in the knowledge that far different causes led to the announcement which created so much surprise. In fact, Lord Jersey's turf career had been a paying speculation, as he landed two good stakes over Hermit for the Derby and Lozenge for the Cambridgeshire, and the withdrawal of the Bay Middleton Stripes is attributable solely to the baneful machinations of the "60 per cent." profession. This hateful race, who are the ruin of half our rising aristocracy, scented out their victim in his school days at Eton, and what with renewals and accumulations of interest their claims now amount to the computed sum of £150,000. As Lord Jersey's quiet and affable demeanour, coupled with an irreproachable turf policy, had won him golden opinions, he will be a great loss, his rational style of betting bearing a favourable contrast to the reckless plunging of the Young England school. His lordship's stud, 39 in number, will be brought to the hammer by Messrs. Tattersall on Monday next, and among the score of three year-olds and upwards are some useful animals, so that they ought to realise fair prices.

CENSURE OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.—There was considerable excitement in the House of Representatives at its sitting on January 6, on the passing of a resolution "That the House utterly condemns the conduct of Andrew Johnson, Acting President of the United States, for his action in removing that gallant soldier, Major-General Philip H. Sheridan, from the command of the Fifth Military District." The vote was, Yeas, 79; Nays, 28. This is the second time in the history of the United States that a President has been censured by Congress. The former case was that of General Jackson, who was censured by the Senate. Colonel Benton afterwards moved that the vote of censure should be expunged from the records of the Senate, and thus gained the name of "the great expunger," which he bore until his death. After the adoption of the resolution censuring President Johnson, the House passed one thanking General Grant for his protests against the removals of Sheridan and Stanton.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE arrest of Captain Mackay does not appear to have stopped the occurrence of outrages at Cork, several new ones having been reported; and telegraphic accounts state that on Monday evening the streets were filled with riotous mobs, excited apparently by the important arrests which had taken place. In clearing the streets a boy was ridden down and killed, and cuts and bruises innumerable were inflicted both on police and people.

THE Poor-law Board has just issued a circular to boards of guardians drawing attention to various changes effected by the Amendment Act of last session, and more particularly those relating to the election and qualification of guardians, the repeal or alteration of local acts, the re-adjustment of divisions of parishes, the powers of guardians as to building or enlarging of workhouses, the care of lunatics, and the cost of lunatics in county asylums, who have been sent from boroughs not contributing to the county rate, &c.

THE Irish "national" journals of Saturday publish lengthy reports from American papers of meetings and speeches on the "citizenship" question. A resolution is reported as having been adopted at a large Washington gathering, calling on the President of the United States to remove Mr. Adams from London. Mr. William B. West, the American consul in Dublin, was also censured on the same occasion. The speech of Mr. Fernando Wood, in Congress, with reference to the case of Warren (undergoing penal servitude), and of Nagle (to be tried at the forthcoming Sligo Assizes) is also printed. Mr. Wood uses very hostile language towards England.

THE railway reform meeting in Dublin was addressed by the Earl of Bandon, the Marquis of Clanricarde, Sir Benjamin Morris, Mr. Edward Fox, and others. Lord Bandon referred in particular to the butter trade of the South, which had to contend with the too high charge for railway conveyance. The fisheries of the province were undeveloped from the same cause. Irish politicians, he said, who differed on so many questions, were unanimous on that of railway reform. The Marquis of Clanricarde said he was sure that if they pressed the matter, and if they acted firmly with the Government, they would obtain what he believed to be of absolute necessity for the benefit of the country.

THE cab strike at Liverpool, after existing for about a week, terminated on Saturday afternoon last. On Friday afternoon one of the borough members (Mr. S. R. Graves), the Mayor (Mr. E. Whitley), and Major Greig, the head constable, induced both the cab owners and the watch committee to make certain concessions, and on Saturday, after another conference, the cab proprietors agreed to give the new regulations—minus Friday's concessions—a fair trial for six months. Cabs were consequently plying as usual on Saturday evening and Sunday, to the manifest satisfaction of the public, who were especially unwilling that the cab owners should have an excuse for carrying out their threat of discharging all their drivers should the strike continue longer than a week.

THE tediously-protracted examination before Sir Thos. Henry of the eight prisoners charged with wilful murder, arising out of the Fenian explosion at Clerkenwell, was expected to have closed on Tuesday, but after the depositions had been read over, Mr. Giffard, counsel for the Crown, said he had unexpectedly received some important information, and must therefore ask for a remand until that day week, which was granted. English, it is understood, is anxious to follow the example of Mullany, and give "Queen's evidence," but his offer has been rejected. The prisoners are described as having a dejected and downcast aspect; the only exception being Anne Justice, who appears to have recovered her health and spirits since the last examination.

A somewhat singular case of attempted murder occurred on Monday in the neighbourhood of King's-cross. A leather pocket-book maker, named George Britten, aged 57, rushed into the street with his throat bleeding copiously, and claimed the protection of the bystanders against his wife, who, he said, had attempted to murder him. He was conveyed to the hospital, and his wife taken into custody. She denied all criminality, and stoutly affirmed that her husband, who was in liquor, had announced his intention and then cut his own throat. On being confronted with the patient at the hospital Mrs. Britten challenged him to repeat the accusation, which he did at once, saying he would screen her if he could, but that in truth hers was the hand by which the wound was inflicted. The injury, though serious, is not expected to be fatal.

THEATRES and music-halls appear just now to be passing through a cycle of tribulation. During the present term there have been no end of cases in the law courts, not even excepting that of divorce, concerning dramatists, actors, singers, and performances. About two months ago Her Majesty's Theatre was burnt to the ground, and we have to record a most destructive fire at the Oxford Music Hall, on Tuesday. The flames were first observed shortly after three o'clock a.m. The inmates of the adjoining houses were aroused, the engines were on the spot in an incredibly short space of time, and there being a good supply of water, the intrepidity and skill of the firemen were rewarded by the extinction of the fire. The proprietors are said to have a large proportion of their loss covered by insurances.

ON Friday, at the annual meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Horsfall, M.P., suggested that the views in the report as to alterations in the bankruptcy laws should be inserted as amendments in the Bankruptcy Bill rather than afterwards proposed as amendments. Mr. Graves, M.P., seconded the motion, and urged that every trader who gave a lien upon his trading property should be made to register it. Mr. Goschen, M.P., supported the motion. He feared that the present commercial depression was owing to commercial disrepute. The Bankruptcy Bill now being prepared embodied the new, radical, and stringent change of the future acquired property of the debtor being appropriated for the payment of his debts. He had formerly resisted the idea, but he had now come to the conclusion that short of that they had no chance of doing away with the disgraceful system which now prevailed.

ON Saturday the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture was occupied with a singular case of burning wheat belonging to Mr. Orlando Barnes, of Beeston, near Norwich. It appears that the wheat in question amounted to about 45 quarters, and it was condemned by the local inspector of nuisances (Mr. S. Clarke), and on his information was ordered by the Norwich magistrates to be burnt, and was burnt accordingly. The feeling of the Chamber was strongly against the proceeding, and the chairman (Mr. C. S. Read, M.P.) stated that he had shown a sample of the wheat in question to Professor Voelcker, who had given an opinion that it might be used to some extent as food. On Friday Mr. Barnes was summoned before the Norwich magistrates, Mr. I. B. Coates, who appeared for the defendant, ineffectually applying for an adjournment, on the score of the absence of scientific witnesses. Mr. F. Sutton, an analytical chemist, of Norwich, who was examined on the part of the prosecution, handed in an analysis, which was not of a very favourable character; and Mr. T. W. Crosse, surgeon, of Norwich, gave it as his opinion that the wheat which had been destroyed was totally unfit for human food. Mr. Browne, one of the magistrates, in announcing the decision of the bench, said they had resolved to inflict a penalty of 40s. and costs. Mr. Browne added that his private opinion was that, although the magistrates had done right in ordering the corn to be destroyed, it was to be regretted that the sanitary committee of the local board of health had thought it right to press for a penalty.

METROPOLITAN.

A "SHILLING DISPENSARY" has been opened in Walworth, for the benefit of such inhabitants as may be unable to afford the charges usually made for attendance by surgeons, and yet are unwilling to accept hospital or parochial medical aid.

ON Saturday Michael Curran, aged 60, was thrown out of a cart, in consequence of a collision in Guildford-street, and both his legs were smashed by the wheel of a waggon. He was taken to the hospital, where one of the limbs was amputated.

THE sentence upon the prisoner William Thompson, who was convicted of the murder of a man at Hammer-smith, at the January Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, and left for execution, has been commuted by the clemency of the Crown to penal servitude for life.

FOR some weeks past the town of Woolwich and the surrounding parishes have been suffering in an increasing degree from small-pox. Several cases have proved fatal, the ages of the deceased ranging from thirty-five years to three months. The police have reported—and their evidence has been corroborated by medical authority—that in Woolwich, Charlton, and Plumstead there are no fewer than 600 cases.

IT may be remembered that, while the inquest was pending on young Macdonald, the guardman, Police-constable George Saunders, 153 E, was shot at in New Church-mews, Euston-road, at three o'clock in the morning, and wounded in the thigh, as well as badly wounded about the head by his assailant. The unfortunate man is now reported as hopelessly insane, consequent upon the injuries to his head. He has been sent to Stamford, in Lincolnshire—an idiot for the rest of his life.

A NEW candidate for the representation of Lambeth in Parliament has made his appearance. Mr. Alison is the principal partner in the firm of Alison, Merry, and Cunningham, ironmasters, Glasgow. On retiring in 1844 from the active management of the extensive iron-works in Lanarkshire and Ayrshire, he travelled over the greater part of Europe and Asia, and in 1860 published his "Philosophy of History and Civilisation." He is president of the Church Reformation Society, and chairman of the Currency Reform Association, which advocates the establishment of a State Bank of Issue.

MUCH uneasiness was occasioned among the inhabitants and warehousemen on the south side of the Thames on Saturday, by the tide rising so high as to cause the water to overflow the river banks. From the Cannon-street Railway-bridge to Emerson-street the water went over in a sheet, almost without a break, and in some of the low lying streets running southwards the water flowed away to a considerable distance. A great deal of damage was done to property in the underground warehouses and in the lower portions of the houses, ingress to which was completely stopped, the water in some cases being as high as two feet. Many of the men working in the warehouses on the banks, who had gone to dinner, were unable for some time to return. This state of things continued for about an hour, when at two o'clock the tide began to subside, and the water gradually receded from the streets.

A MEETING of the Life-boat Institution was held at John-street, Adelphi, on Thursday; Mr. Thomas Baring, M.P., F.R.S., in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read, the thanks of the institution, inscribed on vellum, were ordered to be presented to Captain Pim; the second service was to Mr. R. O. Johns; the silver medal to Martin Norris; £28 1s. 6d. to pay the expenses of the Tramore (the Cambridge University Boat Club's) Life-boat of the institution in going off during a heavy gale, and saving, in two trips, 21 persons from the ship Oasis, of Liverpool, which was wrecked in Brown's Bay. Rewards, amounting to £342, were also ordered to be given to the crews of various life-boats of the society for gallant services during the past month. The silver medal was also granted to W. Juniper, in admiration of his bravery in jumping into the sea from the Mundeley life-boat, and rescuing a sailor who would otherwise inevitably have perished. Several other rewards were also granted, and payments, amounting to £2,930, were ordered to be made on various life-boat establishments.

AN unfortunate poor-law case has recently occurred at Poplar. An inquest has been held there on a pauper woman who died from unrelieved strangulated hernia under circumstances which, nevertheless, led the jury emphatically to pronounce that the parish surgeon, Dr. Gale, was entirely free from blame. It was shown that Dr. Gale had been overworked to an enormous extent, that his list of patients to be seen had risen to nearly 170 a day, and that the guardians had turned a deaf ear to all his applications for help. They formerly granted him a qualified assistant, but this aid has been withdrawn, and the scanty pittance Dr. Gale receives scarcely enables him to get unqualified help. Dr. Gale said that he had several times warned the board that some accident would occur, and that he could not be responsible for it. The facts of the present case were that the poor woman had been seen by Dr. Gale's unqualified assistant, who, however, did not detect the hernia, and that after two or three days' illness she died. The coroner's jury, as we have said, completely exonerated Dr. Gale. They took the just view of the matter, that no one man could possibly attend to 170 patients a day and be responsible for all; but in thus doing they threw the blame on the board of guardians. The latter have endeavoured to shift their responsibility by suspending Dr. Gale until the Poor-law Board has pronounced on the case. As we have thorough confidence in the impartiality and justice of the central authority we can confidently leave the matter in their hands.

AN inquest has been held in the Minorities by Mr. W. J. Payne, the deputy-coroner, relative to the death of a child six weeks old, named Adelaide Neumann. The deceased was the daughter of a German Jewess, named Rachel Neumann, who had been deserted by her husband. The child was taken to the Registrar by the mother and another Jewess, and neither of them being able to speak a word of English, they gave it the name of Adelaide in Hebrew. The Registrar believed the infant to be a boy and registered it as Isaac. The mother finding it necessary to go out to service, took the child to Mrs. Lily Speckmaster, living at No. 8, Garden-court, Minorities, and gave it to her to take charge of, promising to pay her 5s. a week, paying a week's money in advance by way of a deposit. That was on Saturday week. The child was "brought up by hand"; it got arrowroot three times a-day. The coroner asked Mrs. Speckmaster how the child got on upon that food. Her answer was, "What are you to expect with a child of five weeks old?" It looked skinny, she added, when it was first brought to her. On Tuesday last it would take no more food; it looked badly in the eyes, and she called in a chemist, but it died that night. The mother visited the child every day; on Tuesday she said the child would die quickly, and she stopped until it did die. Mrs. Speckmaster, it appeared, called the child Eliza. Other people called it indiscriminately Idel and Hedel, and Rachel. The mother, on being examined through an interpreter, said that she had forgotten what was the real name of her child, and it was only after a long investigation that it was concluded by the coroner that its original and real name was Adelaide. When death took place the chemist who had been called in gave a certificate, contrary to the Act of Parliament, with a view to the burial. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from debility from natural causes," and do not appear to have thought it necessary to censure the chemist.

PROVINCIAL.

On Saturday much damage was done at various places on the Eastern coast by the unusual height of the morning tide. At Hull much damage was done, and there was a considerable loss of porcine life, the water having submerged a whole district of pigsties, and drowned the unfortunate grunts. The reports add that at Hull the water rose four inches higher than it has ever been known to do previously.

A VERY clever musician named Solomon, a fine young soldier, died at Aldershot on Wednesday morning last in hospital. Solomon had complained very much respecting the constant use of wet pipe-clay to his tunic, which always gave him cold, being obliged to wear it sometimes wet, not having time to dry it for duty; and also of the constant dusting of the tunic to take out the pipe-clay as being bad for the lungs. It is a pity that white tunics should be used in our service for bandmen; the sooner the fashion is changed the better.

MR. TRAIN is still figuring in Cork. On Wednesday evening he delivered a lecture at Dr. Barter's Turkish bath establishment, Blarney. On Thursday evening he delivered another lecture in Youghall. Mr. Train, who has evidently been the victim of an ingenious hoax, read an absurd letter, purporting to be written to him by Sir Thomas Larcom, the Irish Under-Secretary, in reference to his proposal that the United States should purchase Ireland.

SEVERAL important arrests of Fenian leaders have been made in Cork. Amongst them is that of a Captain Mackay, said to be "late of the American army," and concerned in, if not the moving spirit of, all the recent outrages in Cork. A telegraphic dispatch states that he has been identified also as the leader in several attacks upon sundry police-stations March last. He made a desperate resistance, wounding a policeman with a shot from his revolver so seriously that the poor fellow's leg will have to be amputated. It is said also that a mob attempted to rescue the prisoner, and were beaten off by a charge of bayonets. Five other leading Fenians, armed with revolvers have also been apprehended.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the ruin at Wemyss, known as Macduff's Castle, fell down last week, probably owing to its having been weakened by the late severe storms. The castle is extremely old, an age of 1,000 years at least being attributed to it. Centuries of exposure to the weather have honeycombed some parts of the masonry to the depth of eight inches. It was the north-eastern portion of the ruin which fell the other day, the western part still standing. Underneath the western building is a large cave, in which there is a well, and it is supposed that there had been a subterranean passage from the cave to the castle in former times.

The action for false imprisonment brought by Mr. Mathew Tracy, a reporter on the *Cork Daily Herald*, against Mr. Cruise, R.M., was resumed, and concluded on Friday in the Irish Court of Exchequer. The damages were laid at £1,000. Several witnesses were produced, and among them the defendant, who stated that he was in charge of the Killarney district in February last. The telegrams written by the plaintiff were the subject of inquiry, the result of which was that they were utterly groundless; the arrest of the plaintiff was consequently considered necessary. Major-General Sir A. Horsford was also examined for the defence, and stated that he was in command of the troops in Killarney last February. During the period in question there had been about 1,500 men under his command in the county Kerry, and he had daily knowledge of their conduct in Killarney; it was not true that on the morning of the 20th, or at any time, there were fourteen men, or even one man, absent; he was asked by several of the magistrates whether there was any truth in the telegram, and wrote to Mr. Cruise on the subject after making the necessary inquiries. Counsel having been heard on both sides, the jury found a verdict of £150 damages.

THE Seagull steamer, run down on Thursday last by another steamer, the Swan, of Newcastle, in the North Sea, was insured for nearly £30,000. She was 355 tons register, owned by Messrs. Ringrose and Co., of Hull, and was laden with a cargo of merchandise consigned to various merchants at Rotterdam, to which port she was bound. The chief mate had charge of the watch at the time of the accident; it happened about four o'clock in the morning; the weather clear and moonlight, with a moderate north-west wind, with her regulation lights burning brightly. The mate, seeing the other steamer approaching, called out to the captain, who was below, "For God's sake come on deck; there's a steamer running right down upon us." The captain jumped up, but before he could reach the deck, the collision had occurred, the Swan striking her on the port quarter, abaft the main rigging, and running into her as far as the middle of her cabin, and she immediately commenced to fill. Part of the Seagull's crew jumped on board the Swan as she lay alongside. The remainder, including engineers, carpenter, and stewardess, took to the life boat, which was standing on deck, and as the steamer went down the boat floated off, and they were saved. There were six passengers on board; all these were saved except one, a native of Amsterdam and mate of a Dutch East Indiaman. He was asleep in his berth at the time of the accident, and is believed to have been killed in his berth, which was crushed in by the stem of the Swan, for he was never seen afterwards.

THE SHIPWRIGHTS OF THE THAMES.

WE are exceedingly sorry to find that the shipwrights of the Isle of Dogs have not yet been able to make up their minds to any reduction in their demands, and have consequently lost the chance of bringing back to the Thames some of the shipbuilding business which is now being transferred so completely to the northern ports. Mr. Bullivant undertook to get orders for a couple of iron ships at £5 a ton, but the men would not answer at once, and while they were shilly-shallying, the shipowner, who could not afford to lose time, sent his commission to the builders in the north. Could there be a stronger illustration of the blind perversity of the unionists than this? It is quite clear, from Mr. Bullivant's letter, that iron and wood of the kinds required for shipbuilding can be procured quite as cheaply on the Thames as on the Clyde—indeed, in some instances, more cheaply; the difference in the price of coal is only some 7s. per ton in favour of the Scotch yards, or on a ship of 1,000 tons about 1s. per registered ton. It is the question of wages which drives business away from the Thames, and even here the shipwrights seem to be sacrificing themselves for a very doubtful and shadowy gain, since at 7s. a day they have seldom even in good times had more than four days' work a week, while their brethren on the Clyde get six days at 5s.

THE ABYSSINIAN CAMPAIGN.

Sir Robert Napier is evidently a man with a will of his own, and that, perhaps, is the first virtue in any general. Theodore has not a very high opinion of our ability to do him harm, but he was probably not prepared for the tactics of a general like Sir Robert Napier advancing from stage to stage with perfect deliberation, taking his stores along with him, and approaching the heart of the kingdom slowly, but as surely as the lapse of the months or the growing of the corn. Theodore contended the telescope which Colonel Merewether sent to him as a present; he will now have an opportunity of studying the telescope mode of warfare; for the advance of the British army will compare to nothing so aptly as the gradual drawing out of an immense telescope, whose thickest part will be at Aneleky Bay and the thin end at Magdala.—*Star*.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE news from America by the Australasian and the Weser, which comes down to the 30th ult., consists mainly of accounts of the struggle between the Republicans and Congress on one side, and the Democrats and the President on the other, for political supremacy. The Democratic party is gradually gaining ground; they have just carried the municipal elections at Wheeling, West Virginia. By the Atlantic Cable we learn that our newly-appointed Minister to the United States has presented his credentials to the President, by whom he was cordially received.

A POLITICAL-RELIGIOUS riot has taken place in Padua, where the Catholics had organised a public thanksgiving for the affair of Mentana. The students at the University of course got wind of the affair, and went in a compact body to the cathedral at the hour fixed for the celebration. The townsfolk also gathered to the spot in considerable numbers, and although the altar was lighted and everything prepared for the solemnity, the hisses of the congregation advised the priests that it was high time to decamp, which they did without delay. Elated with their first triumph, the rioters then made for the church of St. Francis, where they found the service ended, and were reduced to find consolation in the breaking of a few candles and the destruction of sundry chairs and benches. Proceeding thence to the Seminary, the crowd tore down the arms displayed over the entrance to the archbishop's palace. At the chapel attached to the Seminary a party of priests was surprised in full canonicals busily engaged in the performance of the anti-patriotic rite. The doors were burst open, a hand-to-hand conflict ensued between the officiants and their aggressors, caps and surplices were torn to shreds and scattered to the winds.

ROSSINI, it is said, took an active part in the rupture of Mdile. Patti's marriage with Monsieur de Caux, the maestro saying to the young songstress:—"Divine, where one is called Adeline Patti, one marries an archduke or a tenor!" The Marquis de Caux has now retired into private life again, after sharing the honours of the moment with Victor Hugo and Garibaldi. The Italian hero's name has appeared upon the Parisian *tapis*, which gets so often shaken, in the new light of poet and maker of French verses. This looks like an unfortunate step in his heroic career, and it is doubtful whether the Italians, who expected Rome, and who get a volume of poetry, will be content with such a meagre repast. The day that Garibaldi stepped into history he made a glorious name there; but it is scarcely likely that he has a serious vocation for poetry, and he runs great risk of being beaten by any rhymist in France. However, Hugo has addressed to Garibaldi one of those letters full of encouragement and praise which he bestows rather indiscriminately, and writes:—"Dear Garibaldi,—There was a lyre in the tent of Achilles, and a harp in the tent of Judas Macabees; Roland wrote in verse to Charlemagne, and Frederick II. addressed an ode to Voltaire. The heroes are poets." Ordinary mortals, who understand poetry less than the celebrated author of the "Miserables," look upon this as overdrawn, and would rather see Garibaldi remain a soldier.

PATTI has returned from Rouen laden with laurels, says a correspondent. The enthusiasm of the old Gothic town was immense; it applauded and received her like a beautiful young queen. At the theatre the prices of the seats were trebled, but the prodigality of the Rouennaise rose with them, and the house was full to the roof. On the other hand, the disappointment of the good people of Havre, when Patti was refused them by M. Bagier, was terrific. The office of the theatre, was besieged; the chairs, the gas apparatus, and a plan of the theatre, which was hanging peacefully on the wall, were broken by the pressure and excitement of the crowd, whose indignation was only quelled by the director's assurance that Patti's appearance was merely postponed for a short time, and by his instantly inscribing nine hundred names for places at the performance. Now, if you wish to know why the director of the *Italiens* authorised the *prima donna's* excursion to Rouen, and prevented her from going to Havre, I will whisper you the reason, *en confidence*, as Figaro told me. Before Havre an American steamer lay ready to start; the affianced of art was to be carried off as she left the theatre, hurried on board, and the vessel, putting all its steam on, was to bear her off to New York!—*Paris Letter*.

ON Wednesday morning a flood of music issued from the courtyard of an ordinarily quiet house, and awoke the prosaic echoes of the Rue St. Georges. M. Auber had just entered on his eighty-seventh year, and the bands of a subdivision of the National Guard, as stated in our last, assembled under his windows to fête with music the happy anniversary. After the overture of "La Muette," which was played with infinite taste, a march was executed, and when Auber asked the name of the composer, great was his surprise on hearing that the work was his own. Thus runs the story:—General Mellinet, a passionate lover of the fine arts, is also an indefatigable bibliomaniac. One day, while rummaging in an old bookshop of the Latin Quarter, he came upon a dusty manuscript, headed "Sonate," and signed, "Auber, 1793." It was written when he was sixteen. The delighted general recognised the handwriting of the composer, and carried his find to a musical editor; and thus, after seventy years, the notes came to awaken, on the morning of his birthday, the youthful souvenirs of the venerable composer. There were many on Wednesday to turn neat phrases on the worn subject of Auber's eternal youth. Endless have been the graceful allusions and witty sayings on it, until Auber must be tired of it, and still he proves it true. All Paris has seen the doyen of French composers driving his little carriage in the Bois de Boulogne, or laughing and talking in his box at the Opera. His eyes shine, after all those winters, with an extraordinary light, and, sparkling with wit, justify any allusions to the elixir of life in his nature.

MRS. STERN has received a letter from her husband, dated Magdala, Dec. 23. The writer says:—"We yearn most intensely to hear the sound of the bugle and the roll of the British drum. Our garrison, if the tyrant is not here, will not offer much resistance to the British legions when they see their glittering arms and witness their noble martial bearing. The King is at present three days' journey from here, but with his gigantic toys which he calls cannons it will take him at least a month to reach the Magdala. If he accomplishes this object it will be one of the most triumphant feats. He is literally encompassed by myriads of insurgents. Unfortunately they all dread the big mouths of his harmless artillery. The temper of our captor has not improved. He has of late adopted a new and most cruel method of execution. Formerly he used to burn his numerous victims in their own cabins; but this merciful mode of dispatch he has abandoned in disgust at becoming a Theodoros; now grave offenders he pins down with an iron tent peg, and thus allows them to perish; while those whose crime is of a lesser magnitude he stretches on the ground, and then drives his clumsy ammunition wagons across their gory and writhing bodies till they are crushed, mangled, and reduced to an undistinguishable mass. There are numbers in Abyssinia who, like ourselves, long for the arrival of the English, who, as they justly anticipate, will quell rebellion and restore peace, security, and law to a reft and bleeding country." General Merewether, on sending her husband's letter to Mrs. Stern, says:—"We are most anxious to push on, as you may suppose, and everything is done to promote that object, but owing to the unfortunate scarcity of provisions this year, brought about by such swarms of locusts and want of rain, in addition to the internal state of the country, it is necessary to make sure of a good stock of supplies before final onward movement can be made. Once that is done there will be no further check, and we shall be soon in the neighbourhood of Magdala. Meanwhile, we hope Gobaze will keep Theodore in check, to prevent his reaching the captives before we come to their rescue.—Jan. 13."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A new piece was produced at this theatre on Monday night, and one of a character just suited to the place in which it made its first appearance. This novelty—a short farce, entitled "One too Many for Him," consisting of the slightest and airiest materials, but sufficiently amusing in itself, and very effectively acted. The plot of the light extravaganza turns upon the courtship by a clever young attorney of the daughter of an elderly gentleman, who is indisposed to give his consent to the proposed match from an apprehension that it will entail upon him the loss of his child's society. In urging his opposition, however, he has to run counter to the wishes of his sister, a somewhat solemn and pompous spinster, possessed of considerable wealth, and with whom he has no desire to quarrel. In order to bring her over to his views he has recourse to several desperate expedients, which, if successful, must have convinced her that a less desirable union could not possibly be contracted. The young lover, however, meets these shifts and stratagems with at least equal coolness and skill; and as it ultimately appears that there will be no difficulty whatever thrown in the way of the old gentleman's becoming a member of the new family establishment his hostility is completely disarmed, and the scene terminates with the usual happy dramatic prospects and assurances. There was not much that could be considered in any way very striking in these incidents; but there was a certain amount of gaiety in the whole piece, and the spirit with which it was acted kept the audience in a state of uninterrupted good-humour. Mr. Charles Mathews personated with his usual finished mastery of stage effect the excited and fidgety father; Mr. Ashley played the competing male character with corresponding ease and vigour; Mrs. Caulfield sustained very naturally the part of the bewildered aunt of the heroine, who found in Miss Schavay a graceful, if not a very animated, representative; and, though last not least, Miss E. Farren threw much real comic power into her assumption of the role of a boydenish country servant, and fairly divided with what were for the moment supposed to be her betters the honours of the whole performance.

PRINCESS'S.—Mr. Dion Boucicault has been denominated the Calderon, or Lope de Vega, of the modern stage. Just now, indeed, the popular author can only be said to be in mid career of his art; and, assuredly, if he goes on exhibiting the some extraordinary productiveness for the next ten or twenty years, the parallel will not be denied him. We doubt, however, if either of the great Spanish dramatists named, at any period of his life, ever figured so prominently and permanently before the public. At this moment four pieces by Mr. Boucicault are being played at three different theatres—namely, "The Flying Scud," at the New Holborn; "How She Loves Him," at the Prince of Wales's; and "The Octoroon" and "Arrah-na-Pogue," at the Princess's. This is pretty well for one author, at a period, too, when writers for the stage are by no means scarce or wanting in ability and skill. That Mr. Boucicault's plays are built up for more than transitory applause, and have in them a vitality beyond the ordinary productions for the stage, is proved by the increased attraction which attends them when they are revived, as well as the never-failing success which awaits them whenever they are performed. It has been said that Mr. Boucicault is the most fortunate of playwrights; but even if this were true—which we confess, we do not see—such talent and industry in one individual never could fail, and never has failed, to make a reputation for the possessor. "The Colleen Bawn" may be superior to "How She Loves Him" as a work of art; and "Arrah-na-Pogue" may be considered more interesting than "The Streets of London"; but in every piece the dramatic instinct, the power of observing and comparing, are eminently demonstrated, and the true *vis comica* strongly contrasted with rare touches of natural pathos. On Monday night "The Colleen Bawn"—which, backed up by another drama from the Boucicault pen, "The Streets of London," had been attracting all the metropolitan playgoers for many weeks—had to make way for a second duplicate Boucicault entertainment in "The Octoroon" and "Arrah-na-Pogue," and the success achieved by the two together gives assurance of a long and prosperous career. Mr. Vining, on his part, has left nothing undone to give every possible effect to both productions. The scenery in "The Octoroon" is surpassingly striking and beautiful; while that in "Arrah-na-Pogue" has been renovated and in some instances newly painted. The dresses and appointments have all been most carefully looked after, while the stage arrangements invariably show the best taste and judgment.

LONDON PAVILION MUSIC HALL.—Messrs. Loibl and Sonhammer, the proprietors of this establishment, took their eighth annual benefit on Tuesday night, and provided for their visitors an almost unparalleled variety of entertainments. The performances commenced with a concert at six o'clock, and then followed a long succession of light amusements, consisting of comic singing, comic and serio-comic recitations, feats of acrobats and gymnasts, and a number of other diversions which were not to terminate until three o'clock in the morning, special permission having been obtained to keep the doors open until that very unusual period. We cannot undertake to answer for the mode in which the latter portions of the proceedings were conducted; but during the earlier hours of the evening the performances passed off most successfully, and the building was filled with a far greater number of people than it could comfortably accommodate. Indeed, for a considerable time it was difficult to find even standing-room in any part of the hall; but any inconvenience which was thus produced was borne with perfect good humour, and it would hardly have been fair to complain of it upon such an occasion as a "benefit" for the complete success, of which the one thing needed was this very overcrowding.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

If Sir Philip Francis was really the author of the great mystification attributed to him, it may be in satisfaction for that sin that his memory is now undergoing as great an amount of mistakes and misconceptions, idle stories, baseless conjectures, and inexplicable misrepresentations as ever fell to the posthumous lot of any mortal. In "Blackwood's Magazine" just published, we read a story of a dispute between himself and a friend (Ducarel) about the immortality of the soul, "not very long after his return to England" (1781). This dispute ended in a letter from Francis to Ducarel, given verbatim, between inverted commas, which ran thus:—"You d—d old fool. . . . I went yesterday to see Mother Bainbrigg hanged. She died without a struggle. I said to myself, as I beheld her swing, You monster, there must be something more than this in store for you. Possibly, therefore, we may be wrong after all. The soul may be immortal." Who was Mother Bainbrigg, and what was she hanged for? No such name occurs in the ordinary lists of horrid criminals, nor in records of the ailed time so far as we know. There was indeed a Mother Brownrigg, whose hideous memory is not yet quite obsolete. She was hanged in 1767, and Francis, who then lived in town, might of course have seen her execution, but then, what becomes of the authenticity of the letter, duly given (as has been said) within inverted commas?

THE French Corps Legislatif had under consideration on Friday and Saturday the tenth article of the Press Bill, which provides that offences against the press shall be tried by the tribunals of Correctional Police. M. Jules Favre proposed an amendment, that such offences should be tried by the Courts of Assize—or, in other words, tried by a jury. This gave rise to a very spirited debate, in which M. Picard, M. Thiers, M. Nugent St. Laurent, and M. Jules Favre took part. The amendment was ultimately rejected by 199 against 35.

THE OLD MILITARY SCHOOL.

It was deemed by the old school not only an unprejudiced, but possibly a dangerous innovation, when the names of private soldiers who had been killed or wounded, or had greatly distinguished themselves in action, were occasionally published during the Crimean War. Until then it had been held that, while the names of the officers who had thus suffered or fought were printed in the newspapers without delay, the families and friends of the rank and file should be left to learn their fate as best they might, and that, as to any honour to be won by their behaviour in the field, it was to be merged in the general accounts of battles, sieges, and campaigns. The innovation, nevertheless, was generally applauded, not only as an incentive to future good conduct, but as an admission of the forgotten fact that private soldiers really have fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, who take an interest in their lives, and both sorrow for their sufferings and are gratified by the public recognition of their bravery. Just now there seems a slowness in military authorities in remembering these phenomena in the nature of soldiers and their families, to say nothing of Irish and English policemen and those "who belong to them." Lord Strathnairn, for instance, has been signifying to the colonel commanding the 2nd battalion of the Coldstream Guards now in Dublin, his high appreciation of the conduct of the men, and especially of their vigilance on an occasion of a late Fenian attempt to scale the barrack walls for some unknown purpose. May we suggest that the approbation would give more gratification to the men themselves, and far more gratification to their relations if their names were published; or if the whole list is too long, at least the names of the non-commissioned officers, and of the most distinguished of the rank and file? Experienced officers are perpetually telling us of the immense influence of the non-commissioned officers, and of the most distinguished of the rank and file? Experienced officers are perpetually telling us of the immense influence of the non-commissioned officers, both on the discipline of a regiment, and on its actual behaviour in the field. Surely, then, this publication of their names could not fail to increase their love for the service, and their zeal in doing their duty. Formerly, again, when all newspapers were dear and few soldiers could read or write, it was of less consequence to print lists, which would have been useless to the multitude, but now that we are actually encouraging the rank and file to read penny newspapers, there is all the more necessity for showing them that their services are neither unappreciated nor forgotten.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF £1,500.

A FORTNIGHT ago an old lady, named Evans, upwards of seventy years of age, expired at the residence of her daughter-in-law in Swansea. For many years she occupied, in complete solitude, a retired cottage in High-street, near the Great-Western Railway Station. When seriously indisposed, a short time ago, she was induced to relinquish her lonely domicile to reside with her relatives. Shortly afterwards she died rather suddenly. In clearing away the furniture from the house lately occupied by the deceased, a box was found containing 1,500 sovereigns.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty of our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]

HAIR.—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxton-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hair-grower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVT.]

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]



EARL DERBY, K.G.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA AND THE BAZAAR.

A LETTER which appeared in a contemporary a few days since thus speaks of the great bazaar then in full activity at Berlin: "The great fancy bazaar, under the patronage of the Queen, for the benefit of the suffering population in East Prussia, was opened last Monday week. It is held in the picture gallery, and a few adjoining rooms of the Schloss. Nineteen tents of red silk are arranged along the south side of the gallery for just so many stalls, of which the central one is devoted to the contributions of the Queen, many of them the work of her own hands. The objects for sale are by no means confined to the elegant and ornamental, but include a great deal of the useful and the homely. It is true, if your purse is long and your humour generous, you may purchase any conceivable amount of oil pictures, photographs, vases, embroidery, or rouge; but you may also set yourself up in gingerbread, winter stockings, soap, potatoes, and rice. If you are fastidious about the sort of persons you would like to do business with, you can take your choice of a Princess or two, ministers' wives, bankers' wives, privy councillors' wives, and countesses by the score; some young, some otherwise, some—I mean many—beautiful, others—When I say you can buy these things of these grand people, I ought to add, if you can get up to the stalls, which is no easy matter. The crowd is tremendous, almost dangerous. You enter at one door, and pass on to the other, for it is hardly possible to turn back. I literally remained for ten minutes exactly at the same spot, without the power of locomotion. It is a dreadful thing to be seen coming away without any big parcel in one's hands. The prices demanded are certainly low—not higher than in the shops—which suggests the danger that the tradespeople in Berlin will really lose a little business through the bazaar. At the fancy bazaar held last year in the palace of the Crown Prince, in support of the Victoria-Stiftung, the prices were rather too high, so that in most cases the objects purchased and the purchasers of the same were sold simultaneously. Nobody can complain of this now. The Crown Prince is a liberal and ready customer. He walks about from stall to stall with an attendant at his heels bearing a well-filled purse, which the Prince rapidly lightens, gladdening the hearts of the lady shopkeepers not only with his hard cash, but with other small change. At a rough guess I should say the bazaar will bring in £20,000, and at all events it may be considered as a success."

EDUCATION FOR THE POOR.

THE children of the agricultural poor have not very many things to be thankful for, but they may be truly thankful that they are not under the dominion of "A Country Squire," whose recent contribution to the discussion on popular education is as startling in its way as anything that Mr. Disraeli ever said about the crypto-radicalism of the Tory party. The *dura ilia messorum* have long been a favourite resource with speakers who wish to point a sentence about the diet of the rustic population; but if we may judge from the proposals of the "Country Squire," it is the *dura cerebra messorum* that ought to be specially borne in mind when we take the little urchins in hand to teach them. He holds that every labourer's child ought to begin schooling at three years old, not simply to be got out of its mother's way and turned loose among a heap of other babies to assist its physical development, but actually to begin its schooling process. From that happy moment up to the mature age of ten the wretched creature is to be at its books, and never to be allowed to stay away from school without special permission, unless sickness or bad weather forbids its attendance. By the time this period of maturity is reached, when its labours in the field begin to be profitable, or its mother can make use of it to assist her in the work of the house, a very decent education, says the Squire, can be conferred on children "with ordinary abilities." It can learn "reading and writing, together with a slight insight into spelling, English geography, and English history." What may be our Squire's notions about "a slight insight into spelling," it is difficult to conjecture; but what possible real knowledge of English history can a child of ten years old acquire? It would be easy enough, no doubt, to teach it the venerable "chapter of Kings;" and we can easily realize the effect of its refrain, "So barring all pother, the one and the other were all of them kings in their turn," shouted out by a whole school at the top of their voices, to some horrible tune. But we can hardly believe that this is the sort of historical knowledge contemplated for our young ploughboys. And as to counteracting the evils of a premature cessation of schooling at ten years old, by a premature beginning at three, physiologists will tell the Squire that it can only have one result, namely, the infliction of an injury to the unformed brain which can never be afterwards cured.

THE COST OF HORSE-FLESH.

THE importance of horseflesh (especially since it has become an acknowledged article of food) can hardly be denied. To improve the breed of the horse, therefore, is more than ever a sacred duty. And what is the best way of improving the breed of horses? Dean Close may not believe it, but better judges of horseflesh than he is have said—to run them in races. Are not the race-meetings held, not for the sake of establishing little Pandemoniums, where every kind of vice may run riot, and where young noblemen and gentlemen may enter upon that career in which it is easy to outrun the constable and overtake the sheriff's officer, but for the sake of improving the horse? And improvement of every kind costs money. You must offer prizes. Dr. Mark Pattison, speaking of the University of Oxford, says, "We distribute in prize money a sum of over £120,000 a year," and that is only for the improvement of young men. Let us see what the improvement of the horse costs in the way of annual prize money. It will be convenient to take the twelve months beginning with December, 1866, and ending with November, 1867. According to printed authority, we find that for the amount of prize money during a period of twelve consecutive months we have a total of £367,418, which quite bears out the statement made some time ago in *Bell's Life* to the effect that the prize-money given for races comes to more than £300,000. In addition to this there are, of course, the bets, without which it is declared on high authority that nobody can afford to run racehorses. If then, between three and four hundred thousand pounds be given away in a year as prize-money at the race meetings of the United Kingdom, some idea of the tremendous amount of money "floating" about racecourses may be formed when it is remembered that in the case of every prize bet is made to the extent of some considerable multiple of its value.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859.—[ADVT.]

MR. GLADSTONE ON SIR WALTER SCOTT.

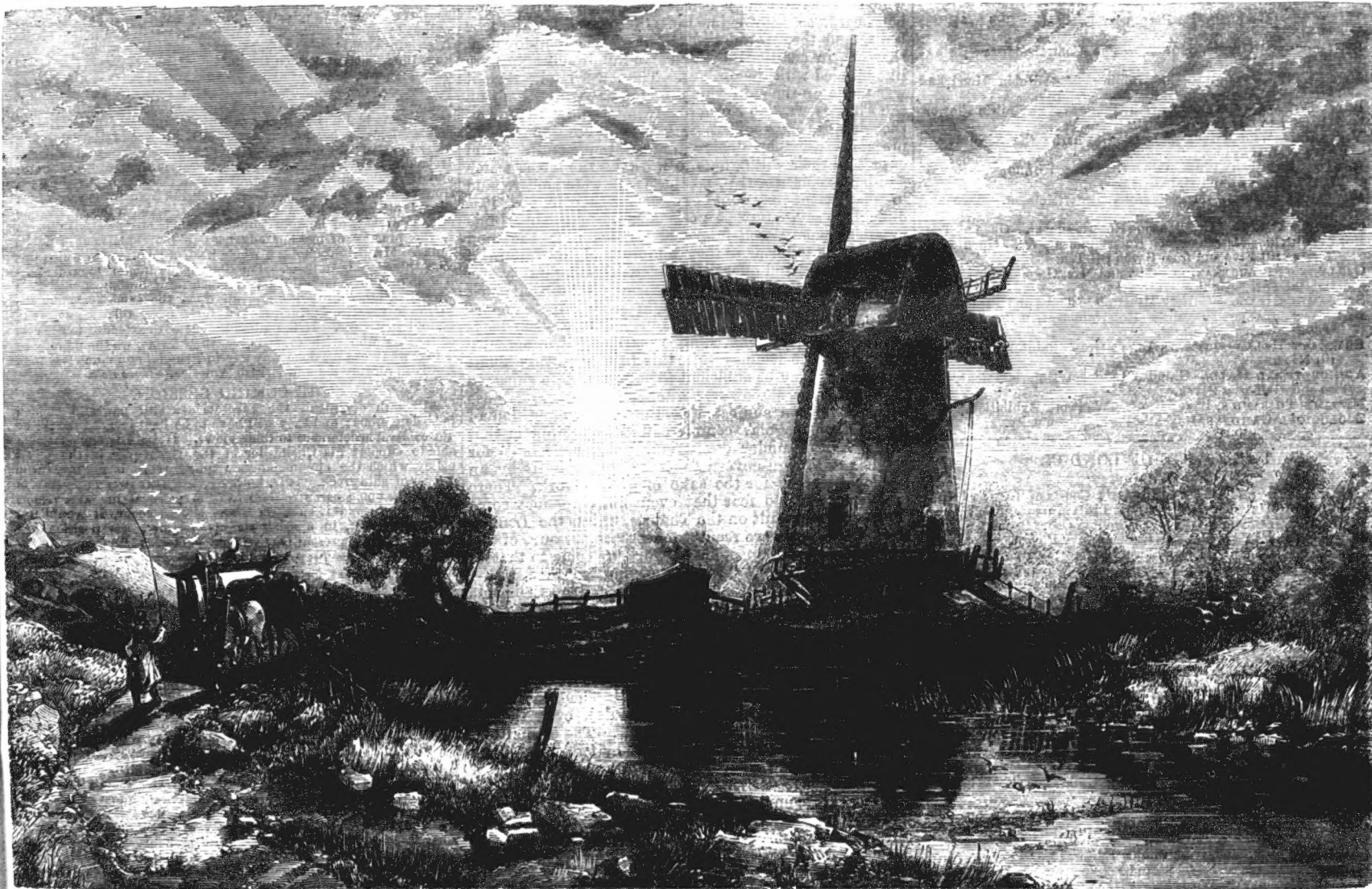
MR. GLADSTONE gave readings from Scott with a lecture (or, as he modestly termed it, some comments) at the Hawarden Literary Institution on Monday evening. The right hon. gentleman agreed with the article in the *Quarterly* that Scott is in danger of ceasing to be read, and he deeply regretted that it should be so. In considering the character of Scott as a writer of romances, Mr. Gladstone observed three things. In the first place, Scott was a great purifier. He was one of those who might claim for himself in prose that honour which belonged in great part to Wordsworth in verse, of elevating and purifying the aim of poetry, of directing it to nobler objects, and excluding from it whatever might be the temptation to pandor to more depraved tastes, whatever tended to to defile and to debase. Another quality in which Scott was more remarkable still was his power of reviving antiquity. He (Mr. Gladstone) did not know whether he was right, but his belief was that in that extraordinary power of calling forth from the sepulchre the dry bones of former ages, of clothing them with sinew and with flesh, causing them to live and move before our eyes, and us to live and move among them, as if we belonged to them and they belonged to us—in that peculiar and very rare power Scott was unrivalled among all the literary men the world had ever produced. Scott grew up with Jacobite predilections; and it must be admitted that in respect to one conspicuous character he had drawn a picture that was not true, and that was the picture of Mary Queen of Scots. It was not his fault; it was the revelations that had been made by historical inquiry since his time that had chiefly tended to draw down that Queen from the elevation upon which her

A PLEA FOR MATRIMONY.

In an article which recently appeared in the *Morning Post*, the writer remarks on the apparent disinclination of young men to marry. "A reasonable Englishman can always earn his own livelihood, and it is mere ignorance of household economy to suppose that he cannot keep a wife. A small and well-ordered house is always much cheaper than lodgings; and a young man who will not marry because he cannot keep two people will find that by remaining single he is forced to contribute to the maintenance of many. Every item of his expense exceeds that of a married man. Food, rent, clothes, washing, cost him much more. As a question of prudence, therefore, and still more as a question of health and repose, a young man will do well to marry. A fireside and a book, with the companionship of a true-hearted and good woman, are infinitely more amusing than a riot at Cremorne and an interview with a magistrate, or even than to sit in the stalls of a little theatre and hear 'Captain Crossree is my name' sung for three hundred nights together. The advantage does not stop here; quiet and a good conscience are the very parents of great thoughts, and satisfied affections lead by a pleasant road to the great successes of our lives. But supposing a youngster doesn't get married at all, what a wonderfully absurd fellow he becomes at last! Your true old bachelor of the common type—for the exceptions are too rare to count—never knows when he has ceased to please; and a selfish youth, followed by a disreputable manhood, passes into an old age unloved, untended, unhonoured, and too often ignominious."

THE GIBRALTAR SHIELD.

THE Gibraltar shield has been again fired at. This time a more formidable gun was employed, and one which more nearly represents the ordnance of the present day—viz., the 10-inch muzzle-loading rifled gun. Only one round was fired, but this round proved that the shield possesses greater resistance to direct perforation than has been generally supposed. The projectile used was a Palliser shell, of 396 lb. weight; the range was seventy yards, but the charge was reduced (to 54 lb.), so as to represent a full charge at 400 yards. The velocity on impact was 1,210 feet per second, and the blow struck was equal to 131 foot-tons per inch of the shell's circumference. The shell struck the shield at a slight inclination, perhaps as much as 8 deg. in the centre of the space below the port. It did not penetrate. The nose of the shell passed nearly through the inner plate, which it cracked. The skin was also cracked, and the back supports received additional injury. The bolts stood exceedingly well, only one—supposed to have been injured in a previous experiment—having given way. It is only fair to the designers of the Gibraltar shield that they should have the benefit of the publication of this result, which undoubtedly exhibits the shield in a more favourable light than any of the former experiments have done, and which seems to us effectually to dispose of the "laminated" (sum of the squares of the thickness) argument, against which we have more than once put in a protest. This argument, we think, was sufficiently disposed of by the considerations which we lately urged; but we do not see how another word can now be said in support of it. But when we have accepted this conclusion, that the shield is, as regards simply penetrative resis-



MORNING IN SURREY.

lamentable death had mainly availed to place her and to exhibit her to the world in the character of a very beautiful, a very clever, but at the same time—though we might hope she was purified by the affliction of her later days—a very bad woman. Scott did not know that; and one was almost glad that, with his affection for the Stuart family in all generations of it, he was spared the pain of those disclosures. He (Mr. Gladstone) owned that he himself grew up with something like a worship of the Queen of Scots, which was entirely due to the novels of Scott; and undoubtedly the caution ought to be taken by the readers of Scott's works with reference to that one particular instance of character, which he, not knowingly, for he was a genuine lover of the truth, had been led to draw in colours different from the true ones. Scott also exhibited in his novels a tragic grandeur and pathos such as was not exceeded in any work or any period of literature, and certainly such as was not exceeded, in his opinion, even by the noblest tragedies of the Greek poets. In conclusion, Mr. Gladstone said that Sir Walter had left us a double treasure, the memory of himself and the possession of his works. Both of those would endure. The recollection of a character so noble, so simple, so generous as his could not pass away. All that was best and highest in the age of chivalry was brought down by him into the midst of an age of invention, of criticism, of movement, of increased command over the powers of external nature, and possibly of an increasing servility to the wealth and luxury which by the use of those powers we were enabled to attain. As to his works, they were immortal. Nothing but the extinction of civilisation could possibly extinguish Scott.

THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD.—When the blood is impure the whole body suffers. Then come indigestion, lowness of spirits, loss of flesh, nervousness, and a general feeling of discomfort. A course of "THE BLOOD PURIFIER," OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SANSAPARILLA acts specifically on the blood, purifying it of all vitiated humours. The digestion becomes easy, the spirits buoyant, the body regains its strength, and the mind its tranquillity. Sold by all druggists. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street. *Caution—Get the red and blue wrappers with the Old Doctor's head in the centre; no other genuine.*—[ADVT.]

LORD D'ERESBY A DEALER IN DOGS.

It would appear from the following advertisements, which appear in the *Field*, that the Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England not only washes his dirty linen in public, but that he also deals in pugs, and sells the little monsters at highly remunerative prices:—

PUGS.—The following genuine Willoughby Pugs for Sale:—

Cossack, 17 months old, 15 guineas.	
Nell, 10 months, 15 guineas.	
Sambo and Jarba, 4 months, 10 guineas each.	
Nero	
Cæsar	
Pompey	1 month, 7 guineas each.
Rose	
Dinah	
Nina	

—Apply to Mr. Haynes, Grimsthorpe, Bourne, Lincolnshire.

PUGS.—In consequence of the numerous advertisements of Pugs, warranted of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby's breed, the public is respectfully informed that the genuine breed can be obtained only by applying to Mr. Haynes, Grimsthorpe Castle, Bourne, Lincolnshire; or at 8, William-mews, Lowndes-square, London.

THE PURCHASE SYSTEM.—The *United Service Gazette* has reason to believe that the Minister for War is at last about to take the purchase system in hand, and that the first step towards its abolition will be the withdrawal of the lieutenant-colonels and the majorities of regiments from the commission-market. It is consolatory to see that even the military journals are beginning to contemplate with serenity the end of that pernicious and corrupt system which they used to maintain "accelerated the promotion of the rich without retarding the promotion of the poor, provided the country with young officers in the higher ranks, and, above all, ensured that all British officers should be—gentlemen."

We have telegraphic news of the Abyssinian Expedition to the 28th January. There had been a rapid movement of troops to the front, and a force of 1,500 men had left Senafe, advancing on Antalo.

tance, little inferior to a solid 12-inch plate, we have exhausted all the satisfaction which can legitimately be derived from this experiment. As we have ever anxiously pointed out, a land fort or shield ought, as a matter of course, to be impenetrable; its resistance to penetration is no sufficient measure of its real strength. The crucial test of an iron shield is its resistance to concussive effect; and no sufficient experiments on this point have ever been instituted. The fact that the shield is not seriously racked by the 10-inch gun firing Palliser projectiles proves little or nothing. So much of the energy of those projectiles goes to perforating the plates that but little remains available for racking the fastenings. What we should like to see is how these shields will stand a good, slow, heavy, racking shot of an obtuse form and a cohesive material. When the shield has resisted half-a-dozen such projectiles, fired from the 10-inch and 12-inch guns, it will be time to speak of the success of the fastenings. In connection with the non-penetration of the shield on this occasion, it is perhaps worth while to observe that the practice being at seventy yards was less favourable to penetration than if it had been at 200. This fact, which has been over and over again established in experiments at Shoeburyness, is not quite easy to explain. The most plausible theory is that the shot, like a top when first set spinning, does not immediately settle into a steady spin; that at seventy yards it has a perceptible wobble, whereas at a longer range it is practically steady in flight. This theory derives some support from the fact that the holes made at the short range are generally larger in diameter than the holes made by the same sized projectiles at the longer range. But without pronouncing any decided opinion as to the cause, the effect itself is indisputable, and it would perhaps be well if in future trials of the penetrability of the Gibraltar shield and similar structures the fact were borne in mind, and the guns trained at the range most likely to develop their full power.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE Abbé Renard, the venerable curé of Sebencourt, France, has just been burnt to death. His body was found almost carbonised by the side of a stove at which he had been warming himself. The deceased had for some time past been blind and helpless.

THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Goose with the Golden Eggs—The Babes in the Wood. Seven.
 DRURY LANE.—The Hypocrite.—Faw, Fee, Fo, Fum. Seven.
 HAYMARKET.—The Broken-Hearted Club—A Wife Well Won—An Utter Per-Version of the Brigand. Seven.
 ADELPHI.—Up for the Cattle Show—No Thoroughfare. Seven.
 OLYMPIC.—One Too Many for Him—If I Had a Thousand a Year—Betty Martin. Seven.
 PRINCESS'S.—Octoroon—Arrah-na-Pogue. Seven.
 LYCEUM.—Who's to Win Him?—Cock Robin and Jenny Wren. Seven.
 St. JAMES'S.—The Needful—The Skyrockets—Lovers' Quarrels. Seven.
 STRAND.—Old Salt—The Caliph of Bagdad—Coal and Coke. Seven.
 NEW QUEEN'S.—He's a Lunatic—Dearer Than Life—La Vivandiere. Seven.
 HOLBORN.—Flying Scud.—Valentine and Orson. Seven.
 NEW ROYALTY.—John Jones—Daddy Gray—The Latest Edition of Black-eyed Susan. Half-past Seven.
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot—How She Loves Him—Mrs. White. Eight.
 ASTLEY'S.—The French Spy—Harlequin and Little Jack Horner. Seven.
 SURREY.—The Peep Show Man—The Fair One with the Golden Locks. Seven.
 SADBURN'S WELLS.—The Lady and the Devil—Little Red Riding Hood. Seven.
 STANDARD.—Oranges and Lemons, said the Bells of St. Clement's. Seven.
 MARLBOROUGH.—Little Bo-Peep who Lost Her Sheep—Bitter Cold. Seven.
 St. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—The Contrabandista—Ching-Chow-Hi. Half-past Seven.
 NEW EAST LONDON.—The Guiding Star—Robin Hood and His Merry Men—The Guilty Mother. Seven.
 BRITANNIA.—Upside Down—Don Quixote—The Prairie Flower. Quarter to Seven.
 VICTORIA.—Wild Tribes of London—Charles the Second and Pretty Nell Gwynne. Seven.
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism. Two and Half-past Seven.
 ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Two and Half-past Seven.
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
 POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
 GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. Eight.
 St. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels. Three and Eight.
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Begone Dull Care." Three and Eight.
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave's Dore's Great Paintings. Eleven till Nine.
 AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Grand Equestrian Entertainment, &c. Two and Half-past Seven.
 MADAME TISSAUD'S, Baker-street.—Waxwork Exhibition.
 ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jernyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)
 C. S. C. (Banbury).—We are sorry that we cannot advise you. Yours is a case for a doctor.
 T. O.—We will endeavour to do so shortly.
 M.D.—There are plenty of shipping offices in the City.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

THE EAST LONDON DISTRESS.

COMPLAINTS are rife everywhere that we are being shut out of the world's market by foreign labour. Foreigners, it is said, are less taxed, can live cheaper, and therefore work for less wages than our own men can afford to do. Some blame our trades unions for not allowing the men to work at a lower scale, but wherever the fault is, or whatever the cause may be, one thing is certain, and that is, trade is going away from England and great distress at present prevails. The position of the London labour market just now is in many respects extremely singular. Ships are being ordered of the Clyde builders simply because the London builders demand a price which is disproportionately high. The reason of this high rate in regard to the London ships is attributed by the firms themselves to the excessive wages required by the men. As compared with the Clyde, the cost of building a ship on the Thames is very slightly increased by the extra freightage of iron and coal, the highest estimate putting the extra cost at ten shillings per ton on the finished shipbuilders' measurement. Some adopt an estimate considerably lower than this. But in regard to wages there is a very serious difference, and though it may be true that a workman can live as easily on 4s. 6d. or 5s. a day in the North as on 6s. or 7s. a day in London,

the fact is one which cannot be expected to rule the market, unless it be to enhance the partiality of shipowners for the place which is obviously the cheapest. The London men have just refused to accept 5s. 6d. a day "draw money," although the balance would be made up at the close of the undertaking to £5 per ton on the finished iron work, a price which is acknowledged to be a good one. In all probability the committee of workmen rejected the offer under the pressure of the trades' union. There is this strange fact to place on record—that whereas this offer was rejected by the workmen's committee towards the close of last week, considerable eagerness was shown on both sides of the Thames on Monday morning in search of employment. A large shipbuilding yard on the south side was besieged by a crowd of men, who had heard a rumour that a ship was going to be built, and who expressed their readiness to go to work at reduced wages immediately. So far as could be gathered they were perfectly willing to accept just that rate of pay which the masters could afford to give them. On the northern side a similar movement took place. Three men presented themselves at the office of Mr. Bullivant, stating that they were shipwrights, in circumstances of great destitution, and willing to work for any rate of pay which was at all commensurate with their wants. They had heard, so they said, that there was a ship to be built, and they were wishing to obtain employment thereon, in addition to which five hundred others were like minded with themselves. They were told that it was too late—the ship which might have been built on the Thames was now ordered of a Glasgow firm, and though other ships might be offered there was none at present. The men deplored the lost opportunity, and expressed their willingness to work on the terms which had been refused. How far these men were sincere, and to what extent they could answer for their fellows, it is difficult to say. But there is a somewhat general impression among well-informed parties that the men would come to terms if they simply had to walk in at the yard gates and offer themselves. The formality of a public meeting or a committee seems fatal to that spirit of surrender which is evinced in more private opportunities. It has been asked, How is it that some half-dozen vessels, all exceeding 1,000 tons, are actually building on the Thames while this dispute prevails about wages? It may be sufficient to say that these ships are not ordered by shipowners after the manner of those which have been subjected to the fatal competition of the North. Regular commercial shipbuilding is that which is now under discussion, not vessels built for English or foreign governments, or vessels built by an employer mainly for the sake of giving work. There is indeed reason to fear that even war ships may some day cease to be built on the Thames, unless the London workmen prove more ready to meet the pressure of the times. From the question of work we come to that of relief. The united executive committee met at the Mansion House on Monday, and insisted on their rule that the committees should not supplement the relief given by the boards of guardians. It is true the united executive reserved to itself the power to make exceptions; but there was an obvious determination, very strongly expressed, to make a complete severance between legal and voluntary relief. This was to be done, said the chairman (Mr. Samuda), even though "double poor rates" were the result. The committee, however, were considerably startled by two facts—first, that Mr. Charles Owen, the secretary and treasurer of the Isle of Dogs Relief Fund, in answer to the inquiry whether his committee were observing the rule laid down by the central body, replied, "No; the miserable allowance of the parish is supplemented by us." Secondly, that the East-end Central Relief Committee, represented by Messrs. Scrutton, Bullivant, and Harston, were relieving 14,017 persons at the magnificent rate of sixpence per head per week. It is difficult to say at which of these statements Mr. Samuda appeared most scandalised. On the one hand, the rule of the central body as to parish relief was openly violated, and, on the other, the allowance proceeding from the charitable fund was found, in one point of view, even more "miserable" than that of the parish. To meet these difficulties two steps were decided upon. It was resolved that all the relief committees should be written to by the secretary, laying before them in the strongest terms the rule against supplementing parish relief. The guardians were also to be apprised that the voluntary funds were not available in those cases where parish relief was given. The other measures adopted was to give Mr. Scrutton's committee 500*l.* in lieu of the 375*l.* they had hitherto expended; but beyond this it was advised—it might be said insisted upon—that there should be a "weeding out" of the 14,000, retaining only those cases which were farthest removed from the pauper class, and so reducing the number of the recipients as to make the relief adequate to those who received it. For instance, the 14,000 might be cut down to 7,000, and the surplus 7,000 handed over to the guardians. Last winter, we may observe, Mr. Scrutton's committee relieved 40,000 persons, and the relief on that occasion also amounted to sixpence per head per week.

AN EXPECTED INFLUENTIAL CONVERT.—The *Weekly Register* has reason to believe that within a few days a conversion to the Roman Catholic Church will be announced which will cause a greater sensation than was caused twenty years since by the conversions of Manning, Newman, and Oakeley. The *Register* expects that this conversion will be followed by numerous others, so influential is the personage who is about to range himself under the banner of Rome. The wording of the paragraph in the *Register* is of a nature to direct our attention to the Bench of Bishops, from whence this new recruit is evidently expected by the Roman Catholics.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE PROTESTANT DEFENCE DEMONSTRATION AT DUBLIN.

IN answer to the "No surrender" cry of the Rotundo meeting at Dublin, we ask why Ireland alone is to remain unchanged of all countries, all establishments, all property arrangements, and all class relations? The law of change prevails everywhere else, why must it be kept out of Ireland, with prodigious statutory barriers, ruinous cost, enormous difficulty, and even some danger? The standing argument on this, as on all former occasions of the same sort, is that one change draws on another, and that no one can say what terrible consequences may not follow in the train of the first fatal concession. But facts prove that change is not averted by resistance to change where there are, as in these isles, great spontaneous changes rapidly altering the condition of the people. On the contrary, the changes have occurred precisely where there was the strongest and longest opposition, and where, consequently, nothing could be done without conspiracy, without violence, without revolution, and almost anarchy itself. The revolutions, the overthrow of dynasties, the dissolution of empires and rejection of allegiances, the sudden swamping of smaller States in a general re-construction, and such changes as are not to be made without bloodshed, have occurred where there has been kept up for ages, whether by courts or by classes, the mad cry of "No surrender."—*Times*.

MR. BRIGHT.

Mr. Bright's land scheme is open to a good deal of criticism, but it introduces no strange theory into English legislation. It may be discussed on its merits, without any fear that to adopt it would be to run counter to principles already sanctioned by custom as well as by reason. There is nothing novel in the notion of the Legislature not merely, as here, promoting, but actually compelling, the sale of land when the public interest demands it. It has been done over and over again in the case of railways. No considerations of the sacredness of property have stood in the way of improvement of internal communication. It has been done in Ireland and in Jamaica in the case of encumbered estates. Entails and settlements have been overridden by Act of Parliament in order to satisfy the claims of private creditors. The pacification of Ireland is a not less important consideration than either of these; and if it should be proved that such a measure as Mr. Bright's would promote that end we need not shrink from a policy for which there is already such abundant precedent. And if the sanctioning of the purchase of land for public objects is not novel, still less so is the practice of making advances to individuals out of public funds. Mr. Bright quotes a whole heap of instances in which this very thing has been done. The State lends money to create harbours, to promote drainage, to erect farm buildings, and for a variety of other purposes, and all upon the same system of the borrower repaying principal and interest by a fixed number of annual payments. If the same benefit were extended to the case of tenants who wish to purchase their farms, we should only be doing what can be done any day in Prussia, and much less than has been already done in British America.—*Chronicle*.

THE COMING SESSION.

Although disunited, the Liberals are still powerful enough to be dangerous; and they will have to be kept in good temper by a considerable deference to their views. If Lord Derby continues able to support his Chancellor of the Exchequer in the pliant policy which the circumstances require, there is no immediate danger of shipwreck. It is, however, unfortunately impossible to regard the noble earl's retirement from political life as a remote contingency; and if such an event should occur, it would undoubtedly affect, in a most serious manner, the position and prospects of the present Government.—*London Review*.

THE MONEY MARKET.

During the past fortnight there has been a tendency to send bullion to the Continent; and the Bank return of the 5th inst. shows a decline in the preceding week of nearly £400,000 in the total bullion. The effect of the large imports of grain is the most probable cause of this partial movement; and it is just possible, also, that capital may be seeking better rates of employment out of this country. For choice bills, the rate of discount in London remains at the very low figure which has prevailed for some time—that is to say, a fraction over one per cent., greater or less, according to time and quality. At the Bank itself, the private securities have gone down more than three millions since the 1st of January. There seems to be evidence of a turn for the better in several kinds of trade. In the cotton trade, most certainly so; for it is now pretty well agreed that the raw material is as low as, or lower than, it can remain; and in iron, and some other commodities, prices and cost of production have fallen to a point which encourages operations by buyers. The purchases of grain by this country to supply our deficiency of wheat and potato crops must be so extensive, that it is quite probable that we may see further exports of treasure from this side, and, at present, the most likely change is a slight hardening of the rate of discount—more especially as the public seem to be getting tired of keeping their money idle, and are at length buying Foreign and other securities.—*Economist*.

THE NEW PRESS LAW IN FRANCE.

The press law, which the eloquence of M. Rouher is forcing a reluctant majority in the French Legislative Body to accept in the year 1868, is a law which the Austrian or the Prussian Parliament would receive with derision. It will make the condition of an independent press in France a little better than it is perhaps in Russia or in Turkey. In the France of the present day it is almost a convulsion of nature. It remains to be seen whether this pitiful law, so timidly and reluctantly conceded by the Government and by the devoted majority of the Legislative Body, will succeed in convincing the constituencies at the next general election that the Second Empire and public liberty can live together in harmony. The question is an important one, not for France only, but for Europe. For if the Second Empire cannot live with liberty at home, it cannot tolerate liberty abroad, and must seek a diversion in "glory" at the expense of its neighbours.—*Daily News*.

THE NEW LEGAL APPOINTMENTS.

The legal appointments just made by the Government have weakened the appellate jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery, without at all strengthening the law advisers of the Crown. They have also the demerit of disregarding the rule by which the different branches of the law contribute equally to the offices of Attorney and Solicitor General; and most unnecessarily, because Mr. Baggallay—quite as eminent a practitioner in the equity courts as Mr. Brett is in the common law courts—is in the House of Commons, and has been just as determined a supporter of the Government as Mr. Brett. By offering the appointment to Sir Roundell Palmer, it may be said that the Lord Chancellor did his best to avoid weakening the appellate court. But the offer was, in truth, illusory, inasmuch as Sir Roundell Palmer was, it is notorious, indisposed to leave the bar. And there was an arrangement which would have been hailed with satisfaction, under the circumstances by the whole profession—namely, the appointment of Sir W. Page Wood as Lord Justice and his elevation to the peerage, which would have beneficially reacted on the administration in the House of Lords also. To have raised a second-rate practitioner to a position where he has to review the judgments of Sir W. P. Wood, a magistrate of the highest capacity, to say nothing of those of Sir John Stuart, distinguished by great experience and strong sense, and of Sir R. Malins, is certainly a feat for Toryism to have performed. It shows how the claims of party prevail over the highest interests of the public.—*Daily News*.

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

ALL lawns should at this season receive a thoroughly good rolling; according to the manner in which they are treated now, will in a great measure depend their efficiency in the summer. Much might at this season be done also towards the destruction of any moss which exists upon them. Give it a preliminary raking over with an iron-toothed rake; tear out from amongst the grass in this way as much of the moss as possible. After removing it give a good dressing with such materials as soot, lime, or wood ashes; and afterwards a thorough good rolling once or twice in succession. If this can be done soon after the showery weather, so much the better.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Chose an open, fine, and dry period to go over strawberry plantations. Remove by means of a sharp knife all old lifeless leaves. Do this without injuring the young foliage or crowns in any way. Afterwards give a good deep hoeing between the rows, or, if the soil is very heavy and tenacious, slightly fork it over, after having first scattered a little fresh manure over all. In the former case scatter the manure over the surface after the hoeing or surface soil stirring has been done, then let it lay upon the surface. The rains will wash away down into the soil the nutriment needed by the roots.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

It will be well at this date to keep up the main crop of turnips intended as a supply until the early spring ones come in. As they are pulled up cut the green tops off them, but do not in any way injure any part of the roots. "Clamp" the whole afterwards in the open ground in precisely the same way as you would potatoes; or, if you prefer it, bury them well under straw or moist tree leaves. They keep well in that way. It not only stops their running to seed, but it allows the place which they occupied to be dug up and exposed to the air. It will perhaps be advisable to let a small portion stand for flowering after the others are all gone. Blanch endive on the open border by placing over each plant a pot, or tile, or other simple contrivance. Plant a few early potatoes upon a warm sunny aspect: plant pretty deeply, in order that no injury may accrue to them through any further frost which we may yet experience. Where abundance of room exists, such as orchard-houses, &c., Dwarf Tom Thumb peas may be now sown in the border inside and along the front. Those who habitually depend upon transplanted peas for the early picking, should now make the necessary sowing in boxes or otherwise, as convenient.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

HINTS FOR AMATEURS.

February's long evenings are a suitable time for thinking over and determining the form and arrangement of flower-beds for the coming summer. Things done in haste are seldom done well, and memory recalls vividly numberless instances of our having wished that a little more time and consideration had been expended upon certain groupings, which, when too late to be altered, have proved unsatisfactory.

To describe all the different forms in which beds may be cut out upon a lawn would be a vast undertaking, and one for which space could not here be provided, as it would involve the use of numerous engravings to illustrate them fully. There are, however, some hints about the preparation of flower-beds which it may be useful to amateurs to have placed before them. The form of each bed must be left to the taste of the owner; but as pear-shaped, lozenge-shaped, and S-shaped beds are likely to be amongst the first that would occur to any one to cut out, it is as well here to caution against those forms of beds which have sharp points and acute angles. Although such figures are very pleasing to the eye when newly cut out upon the grass, these long points never look well when plants are growing in the beds, because it is next to impossible to get any kind of plant exactly to grow into and fill up these points without growing to far, and thus spoiling the effect. Another objection to beds of such forms in small gardens is, that, for the size of the bed, they require such a very much greater number of plants to form the edging. It is a mathematical fact worth remembering, that the figure which contains the largest area within the smallest circumference is the circle, and that the figure which contains the next largest area in proportion to the distance round its margin is the oval. Where the stock of plants available for edging is not large, and cannot be readily increased, it may be important to avoid those forms of beds which require more edging plants than are necessary for ovals or circles. Again, it should be borne in mind by amateurs who do not mow their own grass—and few do—that these fancy beds take a long time to trim with the shears, and time is money.

There are two distinct modes of furnishing beds with flowering plants. One is, to plant in each bed only one kind of plant, or perhaps to edge the bed with another kind; but as this style of gardening is more suitable for large than small gardens, we pass on at once to make a few remarks upon the other mode of furnishing beds, which may for distinction be called the mixed style; while the former style ensures a bold and decided piece of colouring in the garden for a short period of the year, rarely exceeding three months, the latter style secures to the amateur a constantly changing source of pleasure for at least nine months out of the twelve. It consists in the judicious distribution of plants of all kinds over your beds and borders, in such a way that as month after month calls fresh sorts into bloom, a pleasing effect is maintained. This end may be obtained either entirely from hardy perennials, which for those who cannot spare much time for gardening afford the greatest pleasure and variety for the smallest amount of care and attention; or from a mixture of spring-flowering and autumn-flowering perennials with summer-flowering annuals and half-hardy plants. In very small gardens it will be advisable to keep only one plant of each kind; but where space permits, a better effect is often produced by planting three of a kind in a group, so that when grown they may look like one good-sized plant.

Doubtless you have made up your mind to grow this year some special favourites amongst pelargoniums, verbenas, heliotropes, petunias, and calceolarias. Well, stand empty flower-pots upon your beds and borders in the places where you intend these gems to be ultimately planted. Next distribute your roots of spring-flowering perennials about in such a manner as to leave room for the autumn-flowering perennials to be planted between them. Amongst those which flower early in the year are tussilago fragrans, polyanthus, violets, wallflowers, double primroses, narcissus of various kinds, iberis, alyssum, arabis, hellebores, ranunculus, anemones, gentiana acutula, hepaticas, cyclamen, crocus, snowdrops, and many others. For autumn-flowering plants you may put in Michaelmas daisies and chrysanthemums of many kinds, lilies, gladioli, phlox in varieties, cichitum, solidago, rudbeckia, dahlias, and lots of other things. If your fancy lead you to discard pelargoniums and that class of plants, because everybody grows those and because you would like to do something different from other people, there is an endless variety for you to select from amongst the summer-flowering hardy perennials: carnations, pinks, larkspurs, campanulas, columbines, monkshoods, potentillas, spiræas, flags, lupines, and many others, might be planted in the places reserved by the empty flower-pots upon your beds and borders; and if these did not fill up all your ground the remaining spaces might be occupied with such charming annuals as sweet peas, bartsia, eschscholtzia, poppies, nemophila, catoca, Clarkia, Collinsia, and others. Though these are all old-fashioned plants, it will be difficult to find any that are more beautiful and at the same time more easily grown.—*W. T. in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

THE DRAWING ROOM.

LADIES AT NICE.

THE correspondent of a daily contemporary exclaims:—"Verily, if one wants to see that 'unbridled luxury of women,' which is one of the worst features of our time, one need not go very far. In Nice it is rife; it is rampant; it is raging. I believe the place has always been famous for a certain amount of extravagance in dress; but folly and fashion have met together at last, and the results of their union are startling, if natural. All that grotesque bad taste in dress can do to spoil some of the finest women in the world is done. 'Bad taste!' methinks I hear some milliner exclaim, 'I assure you they are perfect.' Madame, the taste of a milliner is one thing, and the taste of an artist is another; permit me to prefer the latter. Ladies, ladies, do you remember what you once thought of the style Empire when you saw it in old paintings or old fashion books? Do you remember what you once thought of other fashions which have flourished and faded since? Do you remember the female dresses that brave old George Cruikshank drew? Or, to bring matters nearer home, will you kindly glance at the earlier sketches of John Leech? In 1870 you will—I hardly like to write the words—you will confess that in 1868 you were Guys—adorable, of course—you could not help being adorable—but adorable Guys!"

FEMALE FRANCHISE.

LADY A. GORE LANGTON, wife of the member for West Somerset, and daughter of the late Duke of Buckingham, has signed a petition, praying that married women and widows duly qualified as ratepayers, &c., might be admitted to the privilege of voting for members of Parliament. Petitions on the above subject have been signed by 13,497 persons. The movement is supported by persons of every variety of opinion and creed—viz., Lady Amberley, Sir George Bowyer, Mrs. Somerville, Sir Rowland Hill, The O'Donoghue, Mary Howitt, Lord Romilly, Lady Goldsmid, Rev. C. Kingsley, Sir J. Simpson, M.D., Mr. Goldwin Smith, &c. Sir R. Palmer, Hon. G. Denman, Q.C., and other legal gentlemen have given it as their opinion that by the common law of England women possessing the necessary property qualification are entitled to the suffrage. Mr. Chisholm Anstey proves from old parliamentary and legal records that single women and widows in England, who were freeholders in counties and burgesses of boroughs, had anciently a right to vote for members of Parliament, and that they frequently exercised that right up to the time of the great civil wars. At the present day in Austria, in the Crown and hereditary lands of the empire, all females, if large landed proprietors, possess votes just the same as males. By the Swedish Reform Bill, passed in Dec., 1865, a widow or single woman of full age, if possessing more than £22 a year, can vote in the election of members of the Upper Chamber.

LIP-RINGS AND BADGES.

MR. ROWLEY, the missionary, in his charming book of African travel, tells a story of a tribe of negroes among whom it was the custom for the women to wear a ring of such huge dimensions, run through the upper lip, as to make eating and drinking a difficult business. Mr. Rowley asked a great man what was the reason of the custom, a question which exceedingly puzzled the sagacious chieftain, but after reflection he replied, that "if women ceased to wear them, they would certainly cease to be women, though without becoming men." The same warning, giving in the very same words, has more than once been addressed to the women of England. If they cease to wear the badge of social inferiority implied by disfranchisement, "they will cease to be women, though without becoming men." The patient women of Africa take heed of the warning, and continue to wear the lip-rings. Will the women of this country do the same? Or will the adventurous spirit of the age induce them to lay their badge aside and take the chance of some dreadful transformation? It will perhaps be a consolation to the nervous to remember that Canadian women remained women (and very pretty ones) for two hundred years, in spite of having votes, and that Austrian ladies are, we believe, generally considered to be above rather than below the average of women in point of attractiveness and powers of fascination. Also, if we may judge from the excellent and just laws with regard to the property of married women which prevail in that country, it does not appear that the possession of the suffrage by women has had the singular consequence foretold by various prophets, "of destroying their social influence." We do not say that women having votes has been the cause of the just laws, because we have no information on the subject; but it is at least a pleasing coincidence, that the country in which women have the most political influence should also be the country where the laws with regard to marriage are the most just.

THE EMPRESS AND HER CHARITIES.

THE EMPRESS, on the proposition of the Minister of the Interior, has authorised the creation of forty pensions of 100*l.* out of the funds of the Imperial Hospital of the Quinze-Vingts for the benefit of as many indigent blind persons not in that institution. Her Majesty has also pronounced the admission as inmates of six persons deprived of sight, has increased the assistance given yearly to twenty others, and has accorded an annuity of 100*l.* to sixty-five blind persons in Paris and the Departments.

FEMALE MEDICAL STUDENTS.

MISS THORNE has received a communication from the clerk of the Apothecaries' Society, informing her that she might now present herself for examination to the special board of examiners in arts. He adds: "To prevent any misapprehension, however, as to the effect of your admission to examination by the special board of examiners in arts, I am directed to add that your admission to this examination must not be taken to imply that you will be admitted to examination for the certificate of qualification to practice." Miss Thorne observes: "The relaxation in the apothecaries' rule as to the examination in arts is a step in the right direction. The formation of a school for the training of female students only which shall be recognised by one of our licensing bodies, or have the power of granting diplomas of its own, should be the next movement."

HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.

AMONG all things, if a wife wishes to make home attractive to her mate, let her keep a sharp eye on the cook. Nothing makes a male creature more discontented with his own house than bad dinners, ill served; if there is anything that will make him swear (and there generally is, my dear young lady, although his temper seemed so angelic when he was a wooing), it is a cold plate with hot meat, or a hot one with his cheese. Neglect of this sort is unpardonable. Again, it may not be possible to give him dainties, but it is easy to avoid monotony by a careful study of the cookery book; and it is quite astonishing how the monster man can be subjugated and assuaged by a judicious variation of his meals. The creature might be allegorically pictured lightly led by a fair lady, with a wedding-ring through his palate.

Indeed, there are a thousand ways to lead him, if women would show a little of that tact for which they are so falsely credited. Opposition, contradiction, makes him furious; he stamps, he roars, and becomes altogether dangerous. Whereas, treat him tenderly, O wife, and you shall wind him round your marriage finger. I have seen wives miss their chance of gaining what they had set their hearts on, a thousand times, through sheer stupidity; they know that a certain line of conduct is sure to anger him, and yet they wilfully pursue it, when smooth and easy victory awaits them in another direction. Tact! Such women, I say, have not even instinct. Birds of paradise, for instance (not to be rude), would act in a more sagacious manner.

LITERATURE.

"Beeton's Dictionary of Geography." A Universal Gazetteer. Part II. Price 6*d.* Ward, Lock, & Tyler.

THIS instalment of a most valuable work carries us into the B's, and is as exhaustive and instructive as its predecessor. The illustrations, on toned paper, are distinct and meritorious.

"Beeton's Journal." Parts I and II. Ward and Lock. Price 6*d.* If general excellence can secure success, "Beeton's Journal" ought to have a very large sale indeed. It is full of interesting and instructive matter, and does not rely—as is so prevalent a fashion—upon one or two sensational tales, although a most absorbing serial, entitled "After Leipsic," enchains the reader from week to week. The illustrations are very carefully executed; "The Barking Hornbill" and "Flying Fish," printed in colours, particularly arresting the attention. We feel satisfied that "Beeton's Journal" will take a prominent place in the literature of the day, and in so doing, it will do nothing more than it deserves.

"The Argosy." February. Price 6*d.* Ward, Tavistock-street. SINCE Mr. Henry Ward has taken the helm of this attractive craft, its excellence has increased, and it stands a chance of regaining the position it formerly held. "Anne Hereford" increases in interest, and promises to rank amongst the best of Mr. Ward's stories. The paper on "Abyssinia," by one of the captives, is just now peculiarly valuable, and is a contribution to our knowledge of the question extremely desirable.

HELL DEPICTED FOR THE YOUNG.

AT present, when there is so much discussion about what all children should be taught, it is useful to know what some children are taught. We have before us the tenth of a series of "books for children and young persons" composed by the Rev. J. Furniss, C.S.S.R., and published by authority, for it is stamped "*permissu superiorum*." Its title is "The Sight of Hell," and its contents are quite as startling as the title. A recommendation is prefixed that one or two of the thirty-seven sections into which it is divided "might be read to the children each Sunday at Catechism." After this comes a protest from Father Faber against "the false delicacy of modern times in keeping back the scaring images of hell." Then follows the statement, "Cleanse the fountain head and the stream will be pure"; to which is added a quotation from the life of St. Francis Xavier to the effect that "by means of the children St. Francis Xavier reformed the great and corrupt city of Goa." We infer that, in the opinion of the Rev. J. Furniss, the best way in which to prepare children for acting as the reformers of other great and corrupt cities is to inoculate them with the doctrines taught in this work. It is doubtful if he will find many persons to agree with him. A few extracts will enable others to settle this question for themselves.

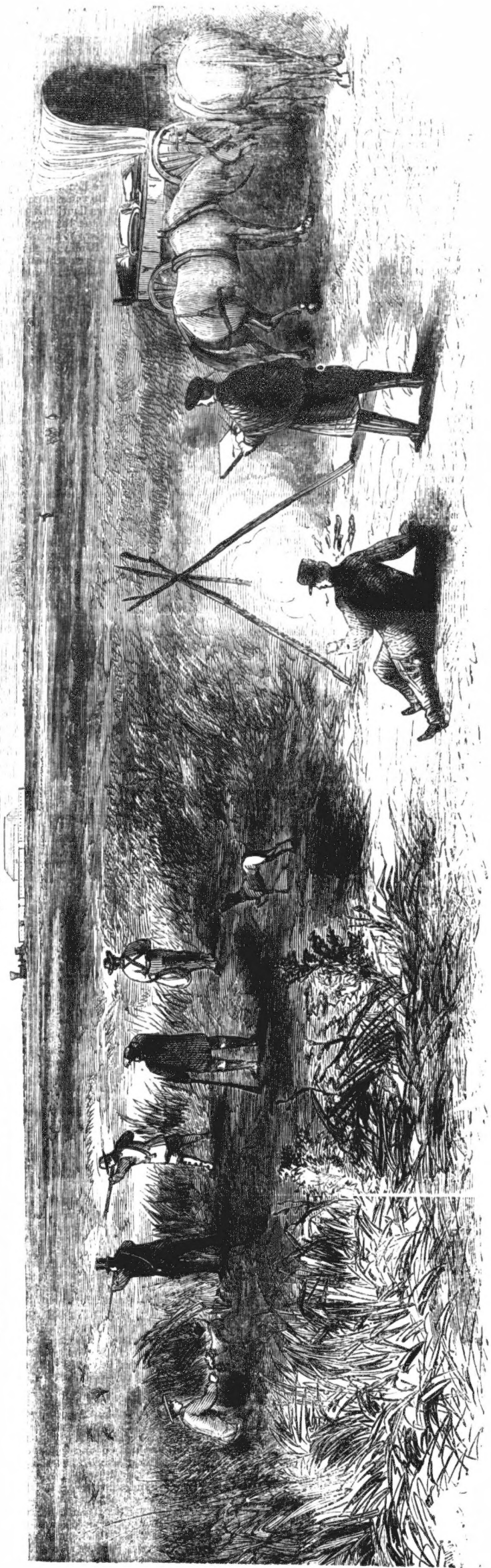
The children who are instructed out of this work will learn, "It seems likely that hell is in the middle of the earth"—that Core, Dathan, and Abiron were sent down alive into hell, and that St. Gregory vouches for Theodorice, a very wicked and cruel king, who lived in a town called Ravenna, having met the same fate. In his case, however, the earth did not open. He was seen by a holy hermit, who lived on the island of Stromboli, to "go down into the fiery mountain" on that island. The Rev. J. Furniss states, "We know how far it is to the middle of the earth. It is just four thousand miles. So if hell is in the middle of the earth, it is four thousand miles to the horrible prison of hell." Down in this place is a terrific noise. The children are asked to—

"Listen to the tremendous, the horrible uproar of millions and millions of tormented creatures mad with the fury of hell. Oh, the screams of fear, the groanings of horror, the yells of rage, the cries of pain, the shouts of agony, the shrieks of despair from millions on millions! There you hear them roaring like lions, hissing like serpents, howling like dogs, and wailing like dragons. There you hear the gnashing of teeth, and the fearful blasphemies of the devils. Above all, you hear the roaring of the thunders of God's anger, which shakes hell to its foundations. But there is another sound. There is in hell a sound like that of many waters. It is as if all the rivers and oceans of the world were pouring themselves with a great splash down on the floor of hell. Is it, then, really the sound of waters? It is. Are the rivers and oceans of the earth pouring themselves into hell? No. What is it, then? It is the sound of oceans of tears running down from countless millions of eyes. They cry for ever and ever. They cry because the sulphurous smoke torments their eyes. They cry because they are in darkness. They cry because they have lost the beautiful heaven. They cry because the sharp fire burns them. Little child, it is better to cry one tear of repentance now than to cry millions of tears in hell."

It is hardly needful to follow the Rev. J. Furniss through all his ghastly pictures. The foregoing passage is a fair specimen of his style, and the substance of his remarks is not so attractive as to induce us to quote at great length. Sometimes he passes from the horrible to the ludicrous. An example of this is the statement made on the authority of St. Francis that the devil was seen "sitting on a long beam which passed through the middle of hell." We cannot, however, withhold the following picture of what is to be witnessed in the third dungeon, that is, in the lowest depth of hell:—

"The roof is red hot; the walls are red hot; the floor is like a thick sheet of red-hot iron. See, on the middle of that red-hot iron floor stands a girl. She looks about sixteen years old. Her feet are bare; she has neither shoes nor stockings on her feet: her bare feet stand on the red-hot burning floor. The door of this room has never been opened before since she first set her foot on the red-hot floor. Now she sees that the door is opening. She rushes forward. She has gone down on her knees on the red-hot floor. Listen! she speaks. She says, 'I have been standing with my bare feet on this red-hot floor for years. Day and night my only standing-place has been this red-hot floor. Look,' she says, 'at my burnt and bleeding feet. Let me go off this burning floor for one moment, only for one single short moment. Oh, that in this endless eternity of years I might forget the pain only for one single moment!' The devil answers her question: 'Do you ask,' he says, 'for a moment, for one moment, to forget your pain? No, not for one single moment during the never-ending eternity of years shall you ever leave this red-hot floor?' 'Is it so?' the girl says with a sigh that seems to break her heart; 'then, at least, let somebody go to my little brother and sisters, who are alive, and tell them not to do the bad things which I did, so that they will never have to come and stand on the red-hot floor.' The devil answers her again, 'Your little brothers and sisters have the priests to tell them these things. If they will not listen to the priests, neither would they listen even if somebody should go to them from the dead.'"

The concluding sentence proves that the "mocking fiend" can twist Scripture to his own ends. It is clear, also, that the Rev. J. Furniss has no scruple in accepting the devil's advocacy of "the priests." It is permitted to the upholders of any creed to spread it abroad without opposition; but those who use such questionable methods as the Rev. J. Furniss deserve censure even while they enjoy toleration. Let it be supposed that we have selected an obsolete work for comment, we may add that the copy before us was published in 1864. On the cover its author is styled "Father" Furniss. Where he really a father he would never have penned such a work, nor would he have enjoined on others the duty of teaching its doctrines to children.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



AMERICAN SKETCHES. - SHOOTING PRAIRIE HENS.

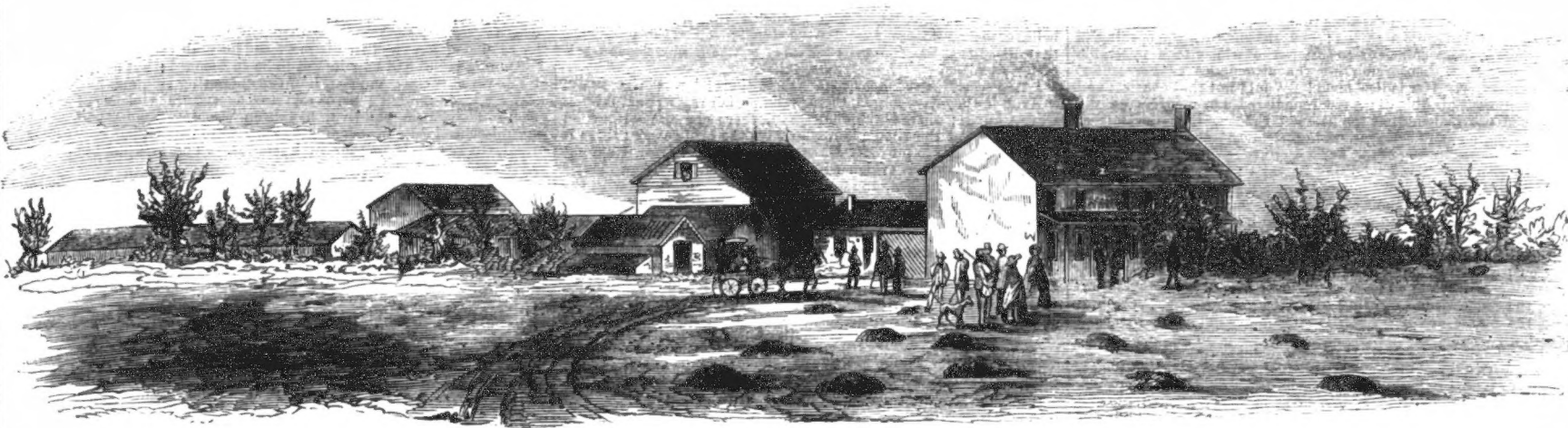
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DWAIGHTS STATION, ON THE PRAIRIE.



TEA ON THE PRAIRIE.—AWAITING THE RETURN OF THE SPORTSMEN.

The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONCLUDED.)

CROWNER'S QUEST.

His name was Pratt, and he was the Family Lawyer, and sat composedly among the weeping Falcons in the drawing-room, and was not even awed by the presence of the great Lord Baddington himself. He was one of a stately firm of lawyers, dwelling in a large house, dreadfully dingy, but immensely respectable, in Bedford-row. There were half-a-dozen partners in the house, and the Deaths were his department. He was what you may term a built-up man; that is, to his *valet de chambre* he was very probably less a hero than a long, lean, lank, and shrivelled man, not unlike a forked raddish; but the exterior building-up, including a tall white neckcloth, a curly black wig, a heavy gold chain, and especially very large white wristbands, made Mr. Pratt what he was—solemn, dignified, stiff, and highly respectable.

He sat at the table covered with papers, which should properly have been secured by black instead of red tape. He sat over against Lord Baddington; and I think that nobleman was slightly afraid of him. As Mr. Fleem came into the room, and whispered what he had to state respecting the result of the Inquest, the Family Lawyer, who otherwise always sat bolt upright, condescended to incline his black-wigged head a little downwards, and on one side, in which position he bore no inconsiderable resemblance to a magpie looking into a marrow-bone.

"I apprehend, my Lord," he said, at length, "that it is not necessary for me to go any further into detail on this painful topic. I will leave the papers here for your Lordship's inspection, and hold myself, at any future period, at your Lordship's disposal."

He should suddenly have flapped out two solemn wings from those shoulder-blades of his, and flown away, like a bird of ill-omen, as he was. But he contented himself with taking his black presence out of the room in the ordinary manner, and the door downstairs closed upon him with a solemn bang, that made the hearers upstairs start and almost shudder in their seats.

"Oh, uncle, uncle!" Mrs. Falcon cried out, bursting into a fresh flood of tears, "this is indeed dreadful!"

The poor woman had been weeping ever since the morning—ever since the horrified servants had rushed up to her room to tell her that her husband was lying on the floor dead. She has passed from paroxysm to paroxysm of sorrow. She had parted from her husband in grief, in doubt, in mystery, and in passionate resentment. The sun had gone down upon her wrath, but was to rise no more. He was star off—her husband—beyond the sun and stars, at the other end of a dreadful gulf, looking at her with sad eyes.

There were in the room besides her now only Lord Baddington and Mr. Fleem. The girls were bewailing in their own bed-chambers. A messenger had been sent post that morning to Brig, Hastings, in whose vicinity the happy Bride and Bridegroom were staying, to tell them the awful news. Compton Guy had been, and was gone again. That youthful Guardeman had been dread-

fully shocked, and at his club that day could ejaculate little beyond "By Jove!" He couldn't make it out, he said. Nobody could make it out; not even Mr. Fleem.

Who was sidling mildly from the room, now that he had imparted his intelligence; but Lord Baddington and Mrs. Falcon both besought him to stay, for they had something of the most vital importance to communicate to him.

His Lordship was slightly nervous as he made these inquiries, and glanced with a very ambiguous expression at the Doctor. But the expression suddenly ceased to be ambiguous. Mr. Fleem felt that he was expected to re-assure, and if possible console, Mrs. Falcon; and if long words, mild delivery, and an elaborate disquisition upon nothing, could have done it, he would certainly have succeeded.

"For the tissues, you see, my dear madam," he was explaining, by way of peroration—

He was at those tissues again, and would have harped upon the congenial chord for another five minutes, when the widow cut him short.

"Mr. Fleem," without further preface, she said, "my husband poisoned himself."

"My dear Caroline," remonstrated Lord Baddington.

Mr. Fleem said nothing, but looked in mild expostulation at the carpet.

"As there is a Heaven above," Mrs. Falcon said again, "he poisoned himself; or there has been foul play."

"My dear Madam," Mr. Fleem rejoined, not virtuously indignant, but only shocked—severely shocked, "what motive could the late Mr. Falcon—"

"What motive! Who was that woman—that ragged wretch—that cast-off mistress of his, who came here to reproach him?"

"His cast-off mistress—No!" a voice said very calmly and quietly.

The voice was not that of a Banshee, or of an evil spirit; it only emanated from a person straw-coloured as to hair, and raven-hued as to costume, who must have been seen in the receipt of fern-seed, and so walked invisible; for he had come no man knew whence, and no man knew how, and stood at the door looking very quietly, but confidently, at the Lord, and the Doctor, and the Widow.

"You impudent dog!" Mr. Fleem cried, starting up in passion; "you impertinent rascal! what do you mean by coming here? Who asked for you? Who sent for you?"

"Yes, sir, who sent for you?" echoed Lord Baddington.

Mrs. Falcon was grief-fully amazed.

The assistant did not deign to notice his master's anger; he simply repeated,

"His cast-off mistress—No!"

"How do you know? what do you know about it—about her?" eagerly asked Mrs. Falcon.

"I know all about her," Mr. Tinctop calmly answered.

"Then why the deuce don't you speak!" cried his master furiously. "You told me this morning you knew nothing about the matter. Speak, you villain!"

"Yes, sir, speak!" Lord Baddington added; "and what the deuce do you mean by standing with your back against that door? Ring the bell, Fleem, and have him kicked downstairs!"

"You'd better not," Mr. Tinctop coolly remarked; "I've not only got my back against the door, but locked it directly I came in; and I've got the key in my pocket."

"He's mad!" cried Lord Baddington.

"He's drunk!" exclaimed Mr. Fleem, making towards his assistant, as though to collar him again.

"Mr. Fleem, if you lay a finger on me, I'll run a scalpel into you."

The surgeon drew back, for his assistant had a certain look in his pale face that was very ominous and not at all pleasant.

"He must be mad," he muttered.

"Neither mad nor drunk," the bold assistant replied. "Quite sane and sober, and the master of you all."

"In Heaven's name, man," cried Mrs. Falcon, "do not keep us longer in this agonising suspense. If you have any thing to say—"

"If I have any thing to say!" interrupted Mr. Tinctop. "Of course I have something to say. I shouldn't have come here—shouldn't have locked the door, if I hadn't. But, do you want me to say it before old Fleem?"

"Mad as a March hare!" the surgeon whispered to himself. "Old Fleem, indeed—confound his impudence!"

"Speak, sir," Lord Baddington said; "Mr. Fleem is a friend of the family, and enjoys the entire confidence both of Mrs. Falcon and of myself."

"Well then, I'll just go back a little," Mr. Tinctop proceeded, very slowly and deliberately. "As you were, if you please. Not his cast-off mistress—oh, no!"

"What then?"

"Not by any means his cast-off mistress—oh, dear, no! His lawful wedded wife, to whom he was married at Malloes Cray Church, in Kent, one-and-twenty years ago."

"Scoundrel and liar!" the Peer exclaimed, starting up.

"Hands off!" retorted Mr. Tinctop; "and you, governor, don't look as if you could eat me up. Look to that good lady on the carpet there; for she's fainted!"

Mrs. Gervase Falcon no longer. The cast-off mistress lay in a faint on the carpet. His wife! Heavens and earth! his wife!

CHAPTER X.

THE TURNING TO A LONG LANE.

It is stale news to hint that Seth Tinctop was a coward. He was indeed as arrant a poltroon as was ever capable of holding, with shaking hands, a candle, while some bolder villain, his companion, did a deed of violence. You will remember that it was not till after Madame Manning had shot Mr. O'Connor with an air-gun, and Mr. George Frederick Manning appeared on the scene, and standing over the expiring wretch, did, to use his, Mr. G. F. Manning's, own words, "finish him off with a ripping chisel." He was the Captain Pen of crime, and not the Captain Sword.

The statement, therefore, that the pusillanimous Tinctop had made alone a filibustering expedition into an aristocratic drawing-room—had actually locked the door thereof, put his back against it, and the key in his pocket, would seem naturally startling, if not incredible, to those acquainted with the assistant's want of heroism, but for the fact I now feel it my duty to disclose, that Mr. Tinctop was throughout acting under the instructions of Captain Pollyblank, who, with singular delight and moderation, had chosen to remain for the nonce in the background, and to delegate his medical friend to act as his Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary. Thus Mr. Tinctop, conscious of the support of his chief, and strong in the moral force of his credentials, stood still, sternly and composedly, with his back to the door. He even folded his arms in the manner invented by the Great Frederic

and perfected by the greater Napoleon, and looked on with philosophic calmness, while Mr. Fleem applied the usual remedies to recover the unhappy Mrs. Falcon from her swoon.

There were scents and essences in plenty about, as was to be expected in so aristocratic a saloon; and these, with the opening of the window, were sufficient to restore the widow to a miserable consciousness, without rendering the attendance of her ladies' maid necessary. Her ladies' maid! Would not that chastest and most fastidious of Abigail's have repudiated her mistress on the spot, had she known that the name of Falcon, that the state of widowhood, no more belonged to her than the state of wife had ever done.

She began to wail and pray incoherently; and, casting herself at length on a sofa, found some relief in a flood of tears. But she speedily rose, and said she would go to her children, and was with difficulty restrained; then she cast herself back again, and adjured the dead man, now in terms of passionate endearment, now in accents of as passionate invective. But she was quite useless for any purpose of rational discourse; and Lord Baddington, softly motioning Mr. Fleem to keep watch over her, beckoned to Tinctop; and that assistant quitting his post before the door, drew him into the embrasure of a heavily-curtained window in the back drawing-room.

Mr. Tinctop's vicarious bravery was not quite perfect or consistent. He felt as valiant, standing against the door, as though he had felt Jack Pollyblank's back, instead of the wooden panels behind him. He could, in verity, have perforated, as he had threatened, the diaphragm of Mr. Fleem with the instrument of surgery before mentioned; but now that he found himself comparatively alone with the Lord, the courage he had wrapped around him like a mantle began to hang very loosely and insecurely on his shoulders. In fact, it threatened to fall off altogether in rags and tatters, like the historical mantle of Don Cesar de Bazan.

The Lord was as proud a Lord as could be met with in a pleasant stroll through the pages of the peerage. He was an old man, too; and Tinctop was afraid of old men. He was a clever man, and Tinctop was desperately afraid of clever men.

"There is either," Lord Baddington said, in a soft, but very determined voice, "some terrible mystery—more terrible if it happens to be true, Mr. Tinctop—in this matter; or there is a

There is nothing safe, nothing sound, but the safeness and soundness of him who lies above stairs.

"It may be very true, Sir," Lord Baddington remarked with a dolorous impatience, "that you abducted this unhappy, and, I believe, insane woman, as you have stated; but what proof does that afford that the story you tell may not be a monstrous fabrication?"

"Are certificates monstrous fabrications?" was the reply. "Even if they were forged, there is the parish registry at Malloes Cray Church; there is the clergyman, there are the witnesses; the landlord of the village inn, who gave the bride away; there is the bride herself to prove it. Bless your heart, my Lord, I am not stating facts without evidence to support them. Half an hour's conversation last night, and another hour's this morning with the 'unhappy, and perhaps insane woman,' as you call her, has put in my hands the honour of the whole house of Falcon."

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"You know very well what I mean, my Lord. You know that it is not only this respectable lady's fair fame which is at stake; not only the honour of that pretty young lady who was married yesterday; not only the credit of Sir William, her husband; not only the reputation of Mr. Falcon's two unmarried daughters; not only your honour, my Lord Baddington, purse-proud and pedigree-proud as you are."

"Fellow!" the Lord interposed, the nobleman rapidly losing his temper.

"Fellow or no fellow, you had better hear me out. Here, shut those folding-doors, will you, my Lord?"

Tinctop was himself—or rather, was somebody else who wasn't a coward—again. The peer stared at him for a moment in sheer amazement; then slowly, and as it were mechanically, he obeyed the mandate of the assistant, and returned to the embrasure of the window.

Mrs. Falcon—this Mrs. Falcon a little more composed on the sofa, murmuring to Mr. Fleem that it could not—no, it could not be true, and asking repeatedly if that horrid man was gone. She knew very well that he was not gone: that by some means he had become possessed of an awful secret, and that he was telling the story of her shame in the adjoining room.

Mr. Fleem soothing the widow as in duty bound, and not asking



MR. FLEEM SEIZES TINCTOP IN GROSVENOR SQUARE.

wanton attempt to cause additional pain and misery to this bereaved lady and her relatives. If you have one feeling, one sentiment of humanity in you, I conjure you to give a full and adequate explanation of the extraordinary statement you have made."

Mr. Fleem, F.R.C.S., in the front drawing-room, keeping professional watch over Mrs. Falcon, sobbing on the drawing-room sofa—Mr. Fleem, F.R.C.S., straining each professional tympanum to catch the slightest vibration of his Lordship's voice. Confound those old men! how inaudible they were.

The young men, though, were scarcely more audible. One young man, Mr. Tinctop, answered his Lordship in a nervous whisper.

"My Lord, I have stated only what I know to be the truth. Here in my hand I have documents to prove the marriage between Gervase Falcon, Bachelor, of London, and Sarah Collett of Malloes Cray, in the county of Kent, Spinster. The parties were married at Malloes Cray Church, on the tenth of February, eighteen hundred and ten; and scarcely six months afterwards, the same Gervase Falcon, Bachelor—you will remember, my Lord Bachelor—was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, to the lady who now bears his name and has no right to it, and who is lying on that sofa in a bad way, I am afraid."

"And the other—?"

"The other Lady, who does not bear his name, but who has the best right in the world to bear his name, is quite safe, and in my keeping. I am sure I am doing injustice to your Lordship's discrimination, in telling you that she was the lady who was put to bed yesterday afternoon in the bedroom where, early this morning, her husband was found a corpse."

"And you—you, Sir," interposed the Peer, with a very evil expression in his countenance, "you dared to spirit this woman away, after concocting between you, I suppose, this preposterous tale."

"I got the woman out of the house," was the naive confession of Mr. Tinctop, "during the evening, in the best manner I could, having previously arranged to keep the footman out of the way, and administer to Mrs. Lint—she was always fond of a nightcap, good soul—a nightcap so hot, strong, and sweet, that it sent her into a dead sleep for hours. Yes, my Lord, I took Mrs. Gervase Falcon—Mrs. Sarah Collett Falcon—away, as neatly and noiselessly as was possible; and I have her safe and sound in a certain locality, known only to myself."

Safe and sound, oh, Tinctop! Safe and sound, oh, schemer!

himself whether the horrid man were gone, but frantically wishing that he could run rusty pins into the horrid man's eyes, or pull up his lungs piecemeal with pliers, or skin him first and boil him afterwards. Oh! for the pleasure it would be to dissect that villain Tinctop, thought Mr. Fleem.

Lord Baddington came out of the back drawing-room some twenty minutes afterwards, looking very pale and grave. He was followed by Tinctop, not flushed or excited, but with a very faint twinkle of exultation in his small eyes. His Lordship bowed very solemnly and courteously to this person; and telling him in a low voice that he would be with him very shortly, waited till Tinctop had replaced the key in the door, opened it, and made his exit down the stairs. Then it was Lord Baddington's turn to shut the door and to lock it, both of which acts he performed, and then he came round to where Mrs. Falcon was reclining on the sofa, sat down in a chair by her side, and took hold of her hand as gently as he could for his great agitation.

His Lordship was growing old and shaky, and some people said, maliciously, was growing paralytic, too. Recent events had much discomposed his Lordship; and he was wiping his wrinkled face with his cambric handkerchief in one hand, and holding the widow's in the other, a very pitiable spectacle of aristocratic discouragement. A close observer might have noticed that one curl of Lord Baddington's beautiful brown wig was positively out of curl, and that his brilliantly-false teeth clacked slightly in his jaws as he spoke.

"My dear Caroline," he began, after many ineffectual attempts to find his usual voice, his gentle voice, his Lord-Viscount's voice, and resorting ultimately to the voice of a feeble, broken-down man—"these dreadful news are true. I have heard the whole of the story from that man just gone; and after what he has told, what he has shown me, I can have, I fear, no reason to doubt its being correct. The miserable woman you saw here yesterday, and who disappeared so strangely yesterday night, was the wedded wife of him, with whom for twenty years you lived and loved as your husband."

"And, and—my husband—my children! Oh God, my children!" cried the poor creature, starting up.

"Compose yourself, compose yourself, for mercy's sake!" the Peer went on. "Shall I leave you? Shall the girls be called?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Mrs. Falcon (it were better to call her so, and not that other woman), with a shudder.

"Have you strength to listen to the rest of this wretched tale?"

"I have, uncle. I can drink the cup to the dregs. Go on. You see I am listening. Listening."

She was listening in a screaming fit of hysterics; laughing and weeping, and throwing her arms about wildly. She had been such a decorous, such a genteel woman, all her married life, that the revulsion now was all the more sudden—all the more violent. The young ladies had now indeed to be summoned: but both Lucy of the raven tresses, and Sarah of the clustering ringlets, happily ascribed their mother's paroxysm to the natural violence of her grief. They, poor children, had been weeping almost without intermission since the morning. They were pained, but not surprised, to see their mother in hysterics. The loss had been so sudden—so awful.

So in the whole of this fatal house there was to be no peace—neither by night nor by day. They got Mrs. Falcon comparatively calm at last; and Mr. Fleem said she would do very well, if she were left alone for some little time with her daughters. So, with the girls kneeling at her feet and soothing and fondling her, Mrs. Falcon grew better; and Lord Baddington, with a warning glance at his niece-in-law, and a warning finger on his lips, took Mr. Fleem's arm, and went away.

"If I don't leave this house for half an hour," he said "I shall choke."

His carriage was at the door in waiting, and begging Mr. Fleem to accompany him, he entered it, and ordered his servant that he might be driven towards the City. Mr. Fleem dismissed his own discreet chariot, and followed his noble companion.

Mr. Fleem, Lord Baddington said, "I've just given a promissory note for a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds, my Lord?"

"A thousand pounds; which I shall redeem this evening by payment of that amount in cash. I have given this money, which I can't well afford, to save the honour of my nephew's family—to save his own prospects from being blasted. To save the future of that poor boy at Canterbury."

"For nothing beside that, my Lord—for nothing beside that? Not to save your own honour, your own future? Not to save the Baddington Peerage?"

"And I don't believe," the Peer continued, "after what I have heard from the lawyer this morning, that house and furniture, plate and pictures, sold and added to the balance at his banker's, Gervase Falcon has left money enough to pay the twentieth part of what he owes. He died a beggar, Sir."

"You astonish me, my Lord—you really do astonish me," said Fleem, who really was astonished in the highest degree; for, in common with the fashionable world in general, he had always imagined Gervase Falcon to be a prudent and prosperous man, who lived within his income, and was on the whole somewhat better off financially than his uncle. "But what connection, may I ask, exists between this sad circumstance and your Lordship's parting with so large a sum?"

"The thousand pounds," continued Lord Baddington, "have been given to, and will be divided between, two of the most precious scoundrels that ever possessed a secret, and made use of it for purposes of extortion—your assistant, Mr. Tinctop, and some ruffian with an unpronounceable name, which I can't remember, who is his confederate, and I think his master in villainy. I bought this document, this acknowledgment of marriage written by my nephew, with the thousand pounds, Mr. Fleem."

The Surgeon could only read it over, wonder, and return it to Lord Baddington.

"I am willing to believe," the latter said, "that it was inadvertently that Tinctop made his first statement in your presence. I fancy that he was instructed to confide it only to poor Caroline or to myself, and that he acted contrary to his instructions in so doing, and that he will probably have his head broken (how I hope he may!) by the master villain with the unpronounceable name, for having been so wanting in caution."

"He is a coward, Tinctop," observed Mr. Fleem; and his fits of Dutch courage only last a few minutes. He is soon at low water-mark again.

"Very low would the water-mark be that I would have him down to," the Peer said, with a malevolent chuckle. "Poltroon or paladin, however, he lacks no astuteness, no ingenuity, by times. It is perfectly marvellous how he managed to worm the whole of that wretched woman's story out of her; to persuade her that, if she would place herself in his hands for a few hours, he would bring about a reconciliation between her and her husband—to cajole her to intrust him with that document you have just read."

"And you have purchased his silence at this enormous price! Why not have defied Tinctop, and acted on the better feelings of the woman herself? A small annuity, now—"

"Her better feelings—a small annuity! Alas, my dear Doctor, without meaning it, you are talking moonshine. The woman has been for years a roaring drunkard; but in her sober intervals, rare as they are, has the cunning and malignity of a fiend. Gervase has been buying her silence for years. I tell you he spent thousands on her; he gagged her with bank-notes. All this money she squandered, as only a drunken woman can squander money; then would come rage, destitution, frenzy, and a threatening letter to her husband. One of these threatening letters, a ragged scrap of paper, she threw into his carriage at the wedding yesterday. She followed the carriage home to Grosvenor Square—got drunk on the road, I presume; you know the rest."

"But she was very ill, very ill indeed."

"A drunken fit. Has had them times out of number, she told Tinctop. When she had slept for an hour or two, she woke up cool, cunning, and malignant as ever, and it was then she left the house."

"And she is now—?" the surgeon asked anxiously.

"If I had known where she is this morning, Mr. Fleem," Lord Baddington responded almost testily, "I would have saved my thousand pounds, and would have sent Mr. Tinctop and his vagabond friend to Botany Bay. Tinctop has the woman in keeping, I tell you, and we are going to meet her now. See, here is Temple Bar, and here is your admirable assistant, Mr. Tinctop, waiting. I brought you with me, Doctor, for I am sure I—all of us, can trust you—and that you don't want bribing."

The nobleman spoke truth. Mr. Fleem was as inquisitive as a magpie; but he scorned the dishonest characteristics of that operative bird. He was fond of secrets, garnered them up, as the magpie would secrete morsels of purloined cheese. He had glory-holes full of secrets relating to noble families; but Mr. Fleem and Mr. Fleem's secrets were not to be bought. He had no need to sell them. He was rich enough—unmarried, solitary, unambitious to rise higher. He had but one care or trouble in life—the lumbago; and all the money paid for all the secrets in the world would not cure that dorsal ailment.

The carriage stopped, as Lord Baddington spoke, at the inner side of Temple Bar, and Mr. Tinctop's straw-coloured head became manifest at the window.

(To be continued.)

A FACT in connection with the Russian Court is worth mentioning. The leather exhibited here exemplifies by its important qualities the great value of the well-kept secret of the tanning process for which Russia has so long been famous. Its softness, its durability, its peculiar and pleasant odour, and its imperviousness to wet, recommend this leather for every description of boot. To cover our poor feet, after all there is nothing like leather, and there is no leather like Russian. The fact alluded to is this—that the whole of the best samples in the department have been secured by an Englishman, Mr. S. W. NORMAN, of Westminster-bridge-road, Lambeth.—*The Cosmopolitan*.—[ADVT.]

The Poisoner's Daughter: A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FATAL FALL.

THE progress of resolute Sir Edward Dudley toward London had been slow, for he had ridden scarcely three miles on his way when his horse stumbled and lamed his knees.

This accident forced Sir Edward to proceed at a walk, the animal being too badly injured to use a more rapid pace.

"It will be morning before I reach the city at this rate," thought the baronet, grinding his teeth with vexation, "and I may be arrested before I can rid the world of that devil, Wild Redburn. No matter—chance may give me a better horse."

In the course of an hour he heard the approach of a party of horsemen.

"Cavalry, as I live!" thought Sir Edward, as his experienced ear detected the clash of spur and sabre. I must not be seen. I must abandon my horse. Fate seems against me."

He dismounted, and leaving his crippled animal in the narrow road, clambered over a low wall and crouched behind it.

The body of cavalry soon swept by, and on encountering the riderless steed the leader called out—

"Secure that horse, or some of you will be dismounted."

"St. Luke's voice, by Heaven!" muttered Sir Edward, as he recognised the shrill tones.

The crippled steed, however, was of fiery breed, and being terrified as well as enraged by the throng so suddenly careering about him, lashed out madly, and used his teeth savagely, so that in the darkness and the confusion of the narrow road, several minutes elapsed without capture of the maddened horse.

"Shoot the brute!" exclaimed a clear, calm voice, and the next instant the speaker discharged a ball into the head of the animal, which ended the matter at once.

The party then moved on at a gallop, leaving Sir Edward trembling with rage and mortification. He had recognised the voice of him who shot the horse.

"The alchemist!" he mentally exclaimed. "And the alchemist is Wild Redburn! The voice of Wild Redburn! I would recognise it amid a thousand. And doubtless he and St. Luke are rushing to slaughter my friends at the farm-house! Great God! is this wretch always to succeed in his accursed villany?"

With a heavy heart, heavier than he had felt for many a year, the perplexed baronet was about to leave the wall when he heard the approach of another party.

"More cavalry," he said, lying flat upon the ground. "The villains mean to have no lack of men."

The head of the approaching party, who was its guide, was hurled from his saddle as his horse stumbled and fell over the dead steed, and then the entire party halted.

"What misfortune is this?" cried a voice, which Sir Edward instantly recognised. "Our guide has fallen."

"He is dead, my lord. His neck is broken," said a soldier, who had hastily dismounted.

"No, he lives!" cried another soldier. "Give him air. Unbutton his jerkin."

Suddenly this soldier exclaimed, in a tone of surprise—

"My lord, our guide is a woman."

"A woman!" ejaculated the Duke of Langford, for it was he. "Is it possible? Make a light, and let us examine the face. Hold forward the lantern, sergeant."

A sergeant immediately lighted with flint, steel, and tinder the lamp of a small lantern which swung at his belt, and the duke gazed anxiously into the pale face of the guide, whose mask had fallen off.

"It is a woman!" he said, "but wholly unknown to me."

"I know who it is, my lord," remarked a soldier. "It is Madam St. Luke, the mother of Col. Raymond St. Luke."

"Unhappy woman!" cried Sir Edward, rushing from his concealment. "Is she dead? Make way, fellows; I have a right to look upon her."

The soldiers gave way before his fierce advance, and a word from the Duke commanded silence.

As the baronet bent over that pale face, its dark and handsome eyes opened and met his.

"I am dying," gasped Madam St. Luke.

"God forgive you, Edith, for all you have done!" said the baronet, in a tone almost inarticulate with emotion.

"And do you forgive me, my father?" she asked, eagerly.

"As God is my judge, unhappy child, I forgive thee, my daughter!" groaned the baronet.

An expression of joy lighted up those features, over which the ashy hue of death had already fallen, and Madam St. Luke clasped her hands as she replied—

"My father, my poor father, God bless you for your forgiveness! I have fallen in an effort to prevent evil, for I was guiding the Duke to rescue his daughter from Herbert Redburn. Alas! my son would have forsaken even me, his mother to become heir of Langford. Push on, my lords, or you will be too late. Father, one kiss—one farewell kiss—as you used to kiss your little Edith ere that man made her a disgrace to the noble name of Dudley."

The old cavalier, whose tough heart had suddenly grown tender as a child's, knelt and kissed the pale lips of his dying child, kissed her fondly and repeatedly, saying—

"My child, my eldest born child! Oh God, how wretched we have been! My child! My child! I was all too hard upon thee!"

"Not so, dear father, not so," she replied firmly. "I merited all. My lord, I would have absolution, could I live long enough."

"Thou shalt have, poor lady," said the Duke. There is a good priest in my train, disguised as a trooper, a worthy man, at whose escape to France I am temporarily blind. Fall back, men, fall back out of hearing. Mr. Urquhart, come forward."

A tall, grave-looking trooper, who seemed ill at ease in his cuirass, advanced, and, after a few words with the Duke, approached the dying woman, and administered the last solemn rites of his Church.

The soldiers, careless of what was going on, gave little heed to what took place; and the spirit of Edith Dudley—eldest and most unhappy of the three ill-fated daughters of Sir Edward—fled from earth immediately after the disguised priest had exclaimed—

"Absolve te!"

The Duke detailed a party to take charge of the body, and, after a hurried consultation with Sir Edward, pushed on with his command, which consisted of a hundred men, and among them rode the gaudily dressed Spaniard, Don Voldamon.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

OLD GILES GOODWIN was not idle after the departure of Sir Edward, yet his movements were necessarily so guarded in striving to effect the escape of his friends, that it lacked but two hours of daylight when he informed Lord Albert that all was ready for leaving the farm-house.

Those who were snatching a few moments of repose were awakened, and all soon became animation in the large parlour of the old mansion, in which all assembled preparatory for flight.

"Before we depart," said the earl, leading forward Lady Lenora by the hand, "a ceremony must be performed, for it is not fitting that she who is to be the mistress, I trust, hereafter, of Branchland Castle, shall escape from England with me other than as my lawful wife."

"I have looked to that, too, my lord," replied Giles, as Lenora

blushed before the gaze of all. "You are of the Church of England, and here is the Rev. Charles Haymart, who has hastened to be here in time. Come forward, reverend sir; for, though your gown be somewhat bespattered with hard riding, we shall not think of that."

"Who giveth away this lady?" asked the clergyman, an honest and frank-faced rector, as he scanned the party.

"I, her brother," said the deep voice of the dwarfish lord, advancing with dignity. "Sister, since God wills that I must forget my late love—and God knows I am trampling it and my heart together—there is none more worthy of you than Lord Albert. Proceed, sir, for our time is short."

There was no delay, and in a few moments Lady Lenora, Countess of Branchland, was receiving the congratulations of her friends, none of whom were more boisterous than hearty Sir James Howard, whose salute of the bride smacked like the crack of a coach-whip.

Lord Edgar, he whom we have known as the dwarf, evinced little emotion, though his aunt, Lady Alice (Madam Harvey), saw that his rigid face was assumed to conceal the bitter disappointment which rung his soul. An air of profound melancholy fell upon his handsome features, and he held himself aloof.

"Come," said old Giles, as he and Dick of Kent moved towards the hall, "it is time that we were moving towards the river. Our boat's are ready, and we will soon be in a fair way to escape from to-morrow's pursuit."

"But if prevented, what then?" demanded the shrill tones of St. Luke, as he strode into the room, sword in hand, and followed by the alchemist, Captain Blood, and a score of troopers.

So greatly had all been absorbed in the marriage ceremony, and so noiseless had been the approach of the troopers under the stealthy guidance of Colonel St. Luke, that not one had been alarmed in the farmhouse until that sharp and mocking voice told of its formidable owner's presence.

"Resistance is in vain," continued St. Luke, in a haughty and threatening tone, as the cavaliers grasped their sword-hilts. "The house is surrounded—so surrender!"

He knew well that the desperate cavaliers would not surrender, but he wanted an apology to give the signal for their death. Neither he nor his father had any intention to expose themselves in the danger of an affray, though for the moment he bore himself well to the front.

But Lord Albert divined his cowardly purpose, and determined to avoid a struggle if possible, or, if forced to sell his life, to slay St. Luke.

There was one, too, whose undaunted eye was fixed fiercely upon the alchemist—the dwarf—whose heart swelled with intense hate as he recognised the man who had so terribly injured his mother, the unfortunate Lady Eleanor, Duchess of Langford.

The alchemist, whose calm gaze roved carelessly from face to face, started as he saw Lady Alice, and grew paler than ever when she advanced with a firm and dignified air, saying—

"Herbert Redburn, you know me. I am that miserable woman whose unconscious hand your villany made the hand of a murderer. I am Alice of Branchland. Do you come to work more evil? Are you not satisfied?"

"Back, woman!" cried St. Luke, eager to bring on the catastrophe. "Lord Albert of Branchland, Sir James Howard, you are outlawed traitors, and therefore your lives are forfeited. I give you five minutes to make your peace with Heaven."

"Heaven!" exclaimed Lord Edgar, fiercely. "Do you, assassin, believe there is a God? Then you are more human than I thought."

"Spider, you are still alive? I hoped that your explosion had carried you from the disgust of men. Handle firelocks. Ready. Aim!" shouted St. Luke, who resolved to make quick work of the matter.

"Spare him! He is my husband!" cried Lady Lenora, throwing herself before Lord Albert.

"Your husband? I suspected as much when I saw that cowering fellow," said St. Luke, in a vindictive tone, as he glanced towards the rector. "Just made so, no doubt, madam. Well, you will be a widow this hour. So stand aside, for Albert of Branchland need expect no mercy from Raymond St. Luke."

"He asks none," replied the earl, suddenly striking up the sword of the colonel, and grappling with him. "He may die, but you shall not live to see him die, traitor."

All was instant confusion. Old Giles Goodwin had not remained quiet when he saw the peril, for no sooner had he done so than he glided from the room and blew a loud blast upon a horn which hung in another part of the house; so that at the moment when the earl threw himself upon St. Luke, the farm-house was entered by several sturdy and well-armed fellows, the crews of the boats engaged to aid the intended escape of the cavaliers.

These men, who were of the crew of the ship of Don Voldamon, and not friends of those who wore the uniform of the Lord Protector, charged upon the rear of St. Luke's party with their accustomed cheer and impetuosity, and being used to the hand-to-hand conflicts of the sea, gave the troopers ample work to meet without attending to the struggle between the earl and the colonel.

Captain Blood had sprung forward to cut down the cavalier, but his sword was met by those of Sir James and Dick of Kent, who quickly engaged his whole attention.

The alchemist surprised by the unlooked-for strength of his intended victims, drew that keen and elastic blade rather to defend himself than attack, but Lord Edgar's rapid attack warned him that he had no common foe to pass.

"Away, deformity!" he said, quickly parrying a thrust. "I have no wish to slay you."

"But I have a wish, accursed poisoner," cried Lord Edgar, "to slay you, Herbert Redburn. I am the son of your brother, and that lady whom you drove mad with your damnable drugs!"

"Ha! Is that so? Then away, boy, for I would not have your blood upon my head. Little devil!" he exclaimed, in anguish, as the sword of the dwarf pierced his hand. "Then take it!"

He threw himself into the conflict with a ferocious eagerness, enraged by the pain of his hand, slight though it was, and mad with the thought that the son of his brother still lived.

The struggle between St. Luke and the Earl was sharp and fierce, but the extraordinary activity of the former enabled him to free himself, and the two were now battling with swords.

The troopers had used their musketoons and the sailors their pistols in the hall, so that the large room was murky with smoke. Several had fallen on each side, but St. Luke's party were being reinforced by his troopers who had been stationed to cut off all escape from the rear, when the arrival of the Duke of Langford and his force gave a new aspect to affairs.

The sailors no sooner saw the well-known form of Don Voldamon than they raised a cheer and rallied around him. The Spaniard, in glaring about, beheld the huge Captain Blood bestriding the prostrate form of Dick of Kent, and closely pressing Sir James.

"By my faith! that is the hound that spat upon my beard!" roared Don Voldamon, dashing in at Blood. "Stand aside, Sir James. This is my quarry!"

With these words he thrust in at the bold captain, and Sir James turned to aid the earl.

The Duke of Langford, who had received orders from Cromwell to capture the alchemist, commanded his men to secure him, unharmed, if possible; while he grasped Lord Edgar by the arm and dragged him aside.

The dwarf was about to turn his sword against the duke, when Lady Alice, who had crouched near the wall, cried out:—

"Louis! it is your father!"

Both father and son stood transfixed with amazement, neither

having ever seen each other since the infancy of the dwarf; and the alchemist sprang forward, beating down the halberds of those who sought to capture him. He comprehended his peril, feared that the Protector had issued orders for his capture, and wished to escape.

It was too late. Sir Edward Dudley met him face to face, and Herbert Redburn saw that his last hour had come. He glanced about the room, but he was surrounded. St. Luke lay gasping in the agonies of death, under the foot of the earl. Captain Blood had terribly wounded Don Voldamon, but had fallen beneath the avenging cutlasses of the Spanish sailors, and lay as if dead.

All strife had ceased, for the command of the duke had stopped the conflict between the sailors and the troopers. The alchemist alone remained to succumb, and he knew that to yield was to be hanged.

"Now, dog," said Sir Edward, with flashing eyes, "we have met at last!"

"And for the last time, old man," replied the alchemist, with a rapid thrust, which laid the old cavalier at his feet. "If I die, I die not alone."

"Nor I on the scaffold," said the stout cavalier, grappling the legs of the alchemist in his powerful arms. "In, Lord Edgar, and avenge your grandfather!"

"And my mother!" cried the dwarf, springing at the alchemist.

Herbert Redburn held his own well, although hampered by the grasp of the old cavalier; but a pistol-shot ended the strife, and he fell headlong, bleeding from a great wound in the throat.

With his fall all strife ceased. He lived until the following night, and, before he died, confessed many of his evil deeds. He died, haunted by an awful fear of endless torment, as well as racked by all the pangs of suffocation, for he was frequently choked with his own blood.

Our story of the Red House is now nearly complete. It is but necessary to explain to the reader that Sir Edward Dudley, who lived several years after the death of the alchemist, was the father of three daughters—Edith, by his first wife, and Alice and Eleanor by his second.

From her early youth, Edith, whom we have known as Madam St. Luke, was violent and passionate. Contrary to her father's desire, she had eloped with Herbert Redburn, from which time her father had disowned her.

Lady Alice had rescued Lord Edgar, and reared him as her son, and when her innocence was made plain her father regretted bitterly the fierce dislike with which he had stained her memory.

Lady Eleanor was eventually restored to her reason, but soon sank into the grave, despite the tender care of her sad husband. He, as well as Lord Edgar, died soon after the restoration of Charles II., and the estates of Langford and Redburn passed to the Earl of Branchland as nearest heir.

Lord Albert and his lovely Countess seldom visited the voluptuous court of that crowned libertine who so long disgraced the throne of England, but spent their happy lives in retirement—a retirement which was long shared by the Dowager-Countess, Lady Alice.

Sir James Howard fell in the Scottish wars, as he had lived, a gay and gallant soldier, and Dick of Kent survived the wounds inflicted by Captain Blood, to live for many years a pensioner of Branchland's bounty.

The adventures of Don Voldamon remain unwritten. The life of Captain Blood belongs to history.

THE END.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE.

A VERY singular story was told in the Divorce Court in regard to the disappearance of a man, whose widow has obtained a grant of administration on the presumption of his death. The facts, as stated by Mr. Searle, the counsel in the case, are simply these. Charles Jones, the missing man, was traced to a public-house in Bristol on the 6th of December, 1866. He was last seen at about a quarter-past five o'clock on that day in company with the publican, who is also a lime-burner and tar-distiller, going into a yard adjoining the beer-shop where there were a kiln and furnaces. From that hour to this Jones has never been seen or heard of. The premises were searched, the river which runs close by was dragged, the police made inquiries throughout the district, rewards were offered, but without result. The publican owed Jones a sum of £330, and on the 8th of December called on the agent of the latter, producing what purported to be a receipt signed by Jones for £340, and asking for a return of £10 as having been overpaid. The lawyer, suspecting the genuineness of the document, refused to be bound by it, and the publican has since left the country. The court held that Jones was no doubt dead, though how he came by his death is still a mystery, and granted the administration asked for.

LIME JUICE FOR SAILORS.

THE Board of Trade inspector for the port of London under the new Merchant Shipping Act has already examined and passed more than 6,000 gallons of lemon juice and about 200 gallons of lime juice, most of which has been mixed, bottled, and packed for the use of crews of merchant ships. It appears that the working of this Act will create a demand for Jamaica lime juice, which has for some years past been imported into this country in the concentrated state only, for the manufacture of citric acid. Lime and lemon juice are indeed, when good and properly mixed, so very palatable as drinks that orders have been already given to merchants for a supply of these articles for regimental messes in India, as the present convenient mode of packing gives an opportunity for its use in small quantities. The provisions of the Duke of Richmond's Act were completed last week by the publication of a medical guide authorized by the Board of Trade for the use of merchant captains at sea. This book is intended as a simple aid to unprofessional persons afloat in case of accident or disease, but though an amended scale of medicines has been also published, no guarantee is as yet afforded that the drugs carried in the chest are genuine. How can a ship captain, or any one else, play the doctor with confidence if he is uncertain about the quality of the medicines administered?

HUMOUROUS WOMEN.

THE *Saturday Review*, always great on the subject of woman, announces as the conclusion of a vast experience that it remembers no single instance of a humorous woman. If the writer never had the good fortune to meet with a humourist among his female acquaintance, he has probably seen more than one actress not wholly destitute of humour; but as he doubtless is thinking only of authoresses, we must ask whether it be his knowledge or his memory which is so glaringly at fault? Mrs. Centlivre and Mrs. Inchbald have written many comedies which have been thought to have some humour. Miss Burney is also generally credited with humour, though of a somewhat coarse texture. But for fitness of texture and richness of comic suggestion Miss Austen ranks among the most remarkable of humourists. It has been popularly held that Mrs. Beecher Stowe has manifested humour of a rare quality. Mrs. Gaskell also in her novels, and especially in "Cranford," is distinctively humorous, and it would be difficult to persuade most people that George Eliot is altogether without humour. In short, did we dare venture on generalisations, such as are easy to the abundant knowledge of the *Saturday*, we should be disposed to assert that, if women were eminently distinguished in one direction, that direction would be towards humour. We do not make this generalisation, but we think it would better describe the facts than that which the *Saturday* announces.

AMONGST THE 'DESTITUTE.'

LIMEHOUSE will afford us an average illustration of the extent of the distress, and the successes and shortcomings of the existing system of relief. In Limehouse there were last year 34,000 inhabitants, occupying 3,750 houses. There were 733 men out of work, upon whom 1,640 persons were dependent for living. There were 980 persons casually employed, whose families numbered 2,074. There were 450 widows or single women out of work, with 250 dependents; making a total of 6,085 persons without the means of self-support, or nearly one-fifth of the total population. Of the men out of work 170 were shipwrights; but it is noticeable that last year they scarcely came upon the relief fund at all. Being a superior class of mechanics, they had naturally a great repugnance to anything like the receiving of alms; and, so far as can be ascertained, the majority of them have struggled through the year upon such funds as they could realise by selling their furniture and other little property. This year they are coming in small numbers on the fund, and it appears likely that before long the whole body will be reduced to pretty much the same condition as the inferior classes of workmen. There were 121 of the number out of work who were artisans working in iron, such as smiths, engineers, and so on; and there were about 800, either totally or partly out of work, who were labourers of the inferior grades, dock labourers, and so forth. The great proportion of the inferior classes of workmen will be understood when it is stated that for every shipwright employed there are about ten others whose work depends upon his. A very serious difficulty has arisen in connection with the relief of shipwrights. The abnormal forcing of trade some three or four years ago enabled these men to claim and obtain very high rates of wages; and although there has been no strike in the Isle of Dogs, there have been strikes in Liverpool and other shipbuilding ports. A great many of the men who are now in distress at the East-end have been offered wages lower than they have been accustomed to within the few last years, by the Liver-

THE EARL OF DERBY.

The Stanleys are a branch of the old Lords Audley, and first became famous about the time of Edward the Third. They were much employed by the House of Lancaster in the early part of the fifteenth century; and Thomas Stanley became a Peer in 1456. His son, the second Lord, was made Earl of Derby by Henry VII. in 1485. The present Earl is lineally descended from this nobleman (through a younger branch, who took up the succession in the last century), and was born on the 29th of March, 1799.

The recent Earls of Derby had been stout Whigs. Lord Derby's grandfather was a friend of Fox; and his Countess (a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton by one of the handsome Gunninges) was among the ladies who canvassed Westminster for Charles in the famous contest of 1784. Accordingly, "Mr. Stanley" entered Parliament—where his father, Lord Stanley, was also sitting—on that side of the House. He made his maiden speech—just forty-four years ago—on the 20th of March, 1824. It was on a local and a dull subject—a Manchester Gaslight Bill. But we suppose he acquitted himself well, for Sir James Mackintosh, who followed, praised his "honourable young friend."

Mr. Stanley now travelled to America. Afterwards, he resided for some time in Ireland, for he has estates in Tipperary. His first official situation was as Under-Secretary to the Colonies; and in the Whig Government (1830-33), he was Secretary for Ireland. He succeeded Harding in this post, which was a very difficult one. O'Connell was now in the full flower of his parts and fame, and among other attainments was the greatest master of Billingsgate of his age. His favourite epithet for the Secretary was "Shave-beggar." The Secretary took it all very quietly, but was heard to observe that the Honourable Gentleman would change his tone in "the House." Accordingly, when they did meet there, Mr. Stanley set at him with a pluck and pugnacity which excited the admiration of everybody. He was very soon recognised in fact as one of the first debaters of the age.

THE OLD KING'S PALACE ON THE BANKS OF THE JUMNA, DELHI.

This palace, of which we give an illustration on this page, occupies a commanding situation on the banks of the Jumna, at Delhi. The following account of a visit to the place a few years since is from a traveller's note-book:—

"Having previously sent a messenger," he says, "to announce the visit, we found two choddars (beadles) with silver maces, waiting for us outside of the great gate. We were allowed to drive through, the sentinels presenting arms, into a small court, through a second bastioned gateway, and down a stately, vaulted passage, to a large, open quadrangle, where we dismounted and proceeded on foot. The vaulted gallery must have once been an imposing prelude to the splendours of the palace, but it is now dirty and dilapidated, and the quadrangle into which it ushers the visitor resembles a great barn-yard, filled with tattered grooms, lean horses and mangy elephants. The buildings surrounding it were heavy masses of brick and sandstone, and were rapidly falling into ruin. But there was another gate before us, and I hastened through it, hoping to find something which would repay the promise of the magnificent exterior. There was, indeed, the Palace of Shah Jehan, but in what condition! Porticoes of marble, spoiled by dust and whitewash, exquisite mosaics with all the precious stones gouged out, gilded domes glittering over courts heaped with filth, and populated with a retinue of beggarly menials. This was all that was left of the Empire of Tamerlane and Akbar—a miserable life-in-death, which was far more melancholy than complete ruin.

"The only parts of the palace I was allowed to see were the *diwan*, the throne-hall, and the mosque—all of which bear a general resemblance to the palace of Akbar, at Agra, but are more wantonly despoiled. The *diwan* is an elegant arcade, formed by three rows of arches, with a pavilion of the purest marble in the



THE OLD KING'S PALACE ON THE BANKS OF THE JUMNA, DELHI, INDIA.

pool shipbuilders; but they have declined to accept them upon the ground which, from their own point of view, is perfectly intelligible and honourable—that they will not go and take the bread out of the mouths of men who are on strike. When the question of trade-strikes comes into consideration in connection with the question of charitable relief to be extended to those who are out of work, the problem, which is already sufficiently perplexed, becomes far more seriously complicated.

There is in Limehouse a Philanthropic Society, which has been in existence for thirty years. During the cholera visitation its means were inadequate to meet the distress, and a special relief committee was formed, which made an appeal to the public. Last year this committee, which has never been altogether unemployed since the cholera time, was brought into full operation: and when the East-end Central Relief Committee was formed, the special committee of the Limehouse Philanthropic Society joined in effort with the larger organisation. The latter has operated over Poplar, the Isle of Dogs, Millwall, Bow, Bromley, Limehouse, the Hamlet of Radcliffe, and the parishes of Shadwell and Wapping. The local organisation in Radcliffe and in Shadwell broke away from the Central Committee soon after its formation, and made a separate appeal to the public, distributing its funds independently. When the Mansion House Committee for the relief of this distress was started last year, the Central Committee ceased to make its independent appeal, and simply received from the Mansion House Committee a share of the funds subscribed, distributing the money according to its own discretion. In each division of the district, the disposition of funds is left in the hands of a local society.

At the commencement of the present winter the Central Relief Committee was under the impression that there was no need for a special appeal for funds such as had been resorted to the year before. They recommended the existing permanent societies to receive contributions without such special appeal, but went no further in the way of providing funds for any increase of distress. —Leader.

Mr. Stanley fought the battle of the Reform Bill with all the spirit of the Lambtons and the Greys. There is a story of his jumping on the table at Brookes's, and stirring up Whig zeal to fury. When the cause was won, he became for some time (1833-34) the Whig Colonial Secretary; but before long he withdrew from the party, and was their sturdy and relentless opponent, along with Peel, from 1835 to 1841.

Now came the reign of Sir Robert Peel; and Lord Stanley (for such after 1834 was his courtesy title) was Colonial Secretary in his (Sir Robert's) Government. It is said that he and Sir Robert were men too great to sit comfortably on the same bench, and that it was on this account that Lord Stanley went to the House of Lords, in November, 1844, in his father's barony of Stanley of Bickerstaffs.

Peel fell, as we all know, a martyr to his Free-trade measures. Lord Stanley was one of those who adhered to Protection, and was naturally the best man under whose banner the shattered Conservatives could rally. His name became associated with that unpopular cause; but when, as Lord Derby (to which title he had succeeded in 1851) he formed the Ministry of 1852 he lost no time in intimating that he had abandoned it as hopeless. Since then his career is too well known without following it up further.

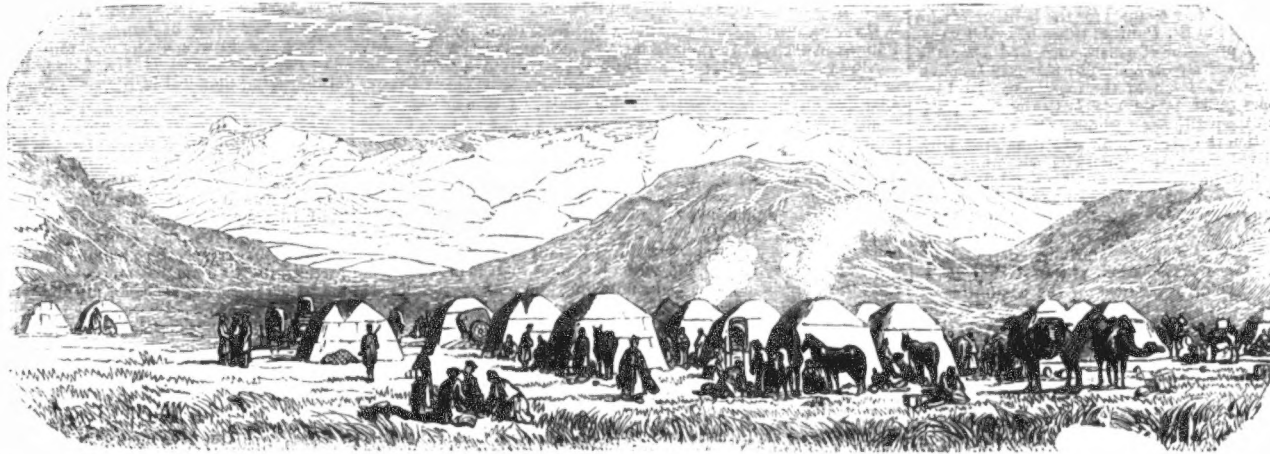
A CONFERENCE.—Rumours of the resumption of the negotiations for a Conference on the Roman question are again circulating in Paris. The chief points of the basis proposed for these negotiations are said to be, the evacuation of Civita Vecchia by the French troops, the arming of the Papal fortifications and troops with French guns, and the protection of the coast against the incursion of Garibaldians by French vessels. It is even confidently stated, on good authority, that this basis was accepted by the Italian Government last Christmas Day. Prince Napoleon, alluding to these rumours, is reported to have said of the Emperor:—"Wonderful man! it is barely a fortnight since he ceased to conspire with Italy, and now he conspires against her with Austria and the Pope!"

centre, inlaid with gold and precious stones. Over this pavilion is the inscription in Persian, which Moore has introduced in his 'Light of the Haram.'—"If there be an Elysium on Earth, it is here—it is here." What an Elysium at present!

"The throne-hall is a square canopy resting on massive square pillars. It is constructed entirely of white marble, very highly polished, the pillars being inlaid with cornelian and bloodstone, and the ceiling richly gilded. In the centre of this once stood the famous peacock throne, which has recently been removed, and we were unable to get a sight of it. By persevering, however, we succeeded in seeing the crystal throne of the Great Mogul, which is four feet in diameter by two in height, and the largest piece of rock crystal known to exist. The bases of the pillars in this splendid hall were painted with roses and tulips, the colours of which were very well preserved. The mosque—an imitation of that in the palace at Agra—did not appear to have heard a prayer for years.

"We finished our visit by a walk in the gardens. Here the old trees, rankly overrun with parasitic plants, with an undergrowth of wild and unpruned rose-bushes, afforded a pleasant relief to the decay of the Imperial halls. But the garden pavilions were tumbling down, the pools and fountain-basins were covered with a thick green scum, and rank weeds grew in all the walks. We lingered for some time under the windows of the Zenana, listening to the clatter of female voices, and trying to draw therefrom some inference as to the features of the sultanas. Alas! the tones were all too shrill to have come from beautiful lips."

THE SKIN OF THE ELAND AS LEATHER.—S. W. NORMAN has returned from the Paris Exhibition with the Russia Leather bought by him, and finds he has many specimens of the Eland as Boot Fronts. Some choice samples adapted for boots from Poland, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Circassia, and many novelties worthy an early inspection.—114 and 116, Westminster Bridge-road.—[ADVT.]



THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION—AN ENCAMPMENT AT SENAPE.

"A TORY PHEASANT."

If the following story, which is going the round of our contemporaries is not true it ought to be contradicted; if it is true the Secretary for the Home Department ought to see to it. A labourer is stated to have been charged the other day at the Chorley Petty Sessions with "stealing a dead pheasant, the property of the Earl of Derby." There had been a shooting party at Rainford; the beaters had overlooked the bird, and the prisoner, passing by some time afterwards, had picked it up, without, as he declared, "any felonious intention." The police met him with the pheasant in his hand, but there was nothing to show that he was not carrying it to the keeper's lodge or to the nearest police-station. The Bench took a favourable view of the case for the prisoner. The chairman said that the magistrates intended to be very lenient, as it was the prisoner's first offence; and that they would merely give him a month's imprisonment with hard labour, hoping that it would be a warning to him. The *Derbyshire Advertiser* says that the man has actually been sent to prison. Will not Mr. Hardy see to this case?

THE IRISH CHURCH.

It having been stated that a document is in course of signature, and has been very extensively and influentially signed, expressive of the desire of the subscribers that the Irish Church Establishment should be maintained in Ireland in all its integrity, it may not be inopportune to exhibit the following brick of that very rotten and obstructive edifice for the information of those who have not yet made up their minds on the subject of Church reform in Ireland. We extract the facts from an article in *St. Paul's Magazine* for February, edited by Mr. Anthony Trollope:—

"The suppressed see of Kilfenora, now included in the diocese of Killaloe, still contains the diocesan staff appropriate to its former dignity. There are within its boundaries forty-nine Protestant families—in all, two hundred and fifty-one souls,—the population of a hamlet, a handful of people that could probably supply a congregation of at most one hundred and fifty hearers; that is, they could be packed into an ordinary drawing-room, or would, perhaps, fill one gallery in a good-sized church. How many Protestant clergymen are paid to minister to their wants? Two? three? six? Well, the 'staff' is as follows:—a dean, an archdeacon, a treasurer, a rural-dean, a vicar-general, a registrar, four incumbents, and two curates! It must also be remembered that the forty-nine families thus amply provided for in spiritual things include the families of the clergymen and the church officials."

THE FEVER AT TERLING.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SHAKESPEAR, J.P., dating from Witham, writes to the *Times* to explain the causes of the fever which is raging in the village of Terling. There have already been 260 cases and 31 deaths, of which seven have occurred during the last week. It seems that the water supply of the village is from surface wells, whilst the sewage of the village is collected in cesspools dug in the gravelly soil, and percolates into the wells or is washed into them by every rainfall. Lord Rayleigh, who owns a portion of the parish, is causing cemented brick cesspools to be constructed for all the cottages on his property. It is the duty of the poor-law guardians to see that similar measures are carried out without delay in the other parts of the parish; but as it seems to be nobody's duty to see that the poor-law guardians do their duty, they are not doing it, and the fever is running its course. Lieutenant-Colonel Shakespear is, as a justice of the peace, an *ex officio* member of the board of guardians, and was present at a meeting on the 23rd of December last, when the matter was discussed. The district medical officer informed the board that "there was nothing malignant about the fever, and that it would be over in a about a fortnight or so," whilst Dr. Thorne, of the Privy Council, who was present at the time, flatly contradicted him, and the death rate has since fearfully illustrated the justice of Dr. Thorne's opinion.

THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.

"M.D., formerly of Essex," makes the following statement as to the peculiar treatment of their sick by "the Peculiar People":—"A whole family were attacked with small-pox through infection from a daughter who had returned from service with the disease upon her. Immediately on hearing of this case I had all the unvaccinated children and adults in the neighbourhood vaccinated, and having learnt that none of the infected family had been vaccinated, I endeavoured to persuade them to have it done, but was met with a firm refusal. The disease spread from one to another, until the whole family (I think six or seven), except the mother and grandmother, were laid down. No medical aid was sought for until the baby was dying, when the maternal affection proved too strong for this pseudo-religious principle, and I was called in, but too late. The death of the infant alarmed the wife for the safety of her husband, who was then in great danger, and he also was brought under treatment, just in time, by God's blessing, to be saved from the fate of the infant. I may add that the non-interference principle having broken down under this severe test, vaccination was submitted to by the two as yet exempt, and both escaped the disease."

AMERICAN SKETCHES.—SHOOTING PRAIRIE HENS, &c.

IN reference to the large engraving on page 120, and the smaller ones on page 121, we may observe that Dwight has been for several years a favourite hunting box for the English, for the Prince of Wales, Lord Althorp, and Lord Hervey paid a visit to this village and many other noble sportsmen have been on the list of its frequenters.

Dwight is about eighty miles from Chicago, upon the line of the Alton, St. Louis, and Chicago railroad. It contains about 408 inhabitants, and about 100 houses. The principal buildings are a railway depot, a store, Cornell's Inn, or Dwight's Hotel, as it is called, and a steam grist mill. Stretched around it sleep the almost boundless prairies, like a waving desert, with here and there clumps of trees and prosperous farm-houses. Scattered about are handsome private residences, comfortably furnished, and breathing peace, plenty, and quiet. The shooting is excellent—quails, plovers, partridges, and prairie-chickens abounding. The buffalo and deer have almost entirely disappeared, having gone farther west.

RUSSIAN POLICY.

THE *Gloss* declares that the chief object of Russian policy should now be to unite to Russia all Russians who are subjects of other Powers, including in that category the inhabitants of Eastern Galicia, Eastern Hungary, and Bukovina. It argues that Russia has as much right to annex these districts as Italy had to annex Lombardy and Venetia, Prussia Hanover and Hesse, and France Savoy. The doctrine of nationality, it adds (forgetting, apparently, the conduct of Russia towards the Poles and the Germans of the Baltic provinces), has from time immemorial been a cardinal principle of Russian policy. It was strictly adhered to by Demetrius and Ivan III., and, although it was unfortunately disregarded by Peter the Great, the Empress Catherine resumed it "by reuniting the Western provinces to Russia." Unfortunately the opportunities which subsequently presented themselves of annexing Galicia were not taken advantage of in consequence of the attachment of Russia to the "ruinous system of Metternich." It is now time, adds the *Gloss*, again to take up this idea, and pursue it with energy and perseverance. If, in carrying out this policy, Russia should become involved in war, the *Gloss* considers that the object of such a war should be strictly confined to the "complete unification of the Russian nation," and not diverted to the aggrandisement of Austria or Prussia.



THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.—TURKISH TROOPS IN ORDER OF BATTLE.

LAW AND POLICE.

THE FENCING MASTER AND HIS WIFE.—*CHIOSO V. CHIOSO*.—This was the wife's petition for a divorce on the ground of the husband's desertion and adultery.—The case was undefended.—Mr. Bayford and Mr. Howard were counsel for the petitioner, who was married to the respondent at St. Pancras Church, in January, 1852. The respondent is a professor of calisthenics, and after the marriage they resided in Gower-street, and other places in London, and there are four children, the issue of the marriage. In 1863 the respondent fell into irregular habits, and at Christmas, 1864, he separated himself from the petitioner without just or reasonable cause. Since the separation the respondent had cohabited with another female. They lived together as man and wife under the name of Captain and Mrs. Seymour.—The adultery and desertion was proved, and the Court pronounced a decree nisi with costs.

A MAGICIAN IN COURT.—In the case, *Morris v. Delight*, the plaintiff sought to recover a guinea and a half for his own and his wife's services as "magicians" at a grand entertainment given by the City of London Temperance Association, at the Albion Hall, on Boxing-night, defendant being a member of the committee.—The engagement was not disputed, but it was stated that the plaintiff did not perform his contract.—Plaintiff, in reply, said that the committee had issued more tickets than the place would hold, and a lot of people were crowded upon the platform where he was to perform. It was impossible to perform under such circumstances.—His Honour thought that the objection was a reasonable one. Delusion was the stock-in-trade of the plaintiff, and if people were allowed to surround him while the tricks were being performed, there was an end of the delusion.—Verdict for the plaintiff, with costs.

CAUGHT IN THE COAL CELLAR.—A respectable-looking young man, named James Edward Godson, who was described as a saddler, was placed in the dock charged with being in the house of Mr. William Pearce, a sculptor, of Ponsen-terrace, Nine Elms, supposed for an unlawful purpose.—Mr. F. R. Haynes appeared for the prosecutor; and Mr. Mayo for the prisoner.—Mr. Pearce said: I had been absent all day at Bristol, and did not return home till past eleven o'clock at night. I knocked at the door, but it was not answered readily, and I heard more than one person inside. I took some sausages home, and had them cooked, and after I had my supper, and at one o'clock in the morning I went to the cellar to see if there were any coals, as I was going to Scotland the next day. I looked under the staircase and noticed a coat and a pair of boots. I then saw that there was a man concealed up under the staircase. I spoke to him, but he made no answer. I locked the coal cellar door, and sent for the police, when I gave him in charge. My wife was present, but my four children were in bed, at the top of the house. I employed the prisoner last Saturday for three hours to remove some furniture from my house. That is all I had seen of him before.—By Mr. Mayo.—My wife did not tell me she put him there. I cannot say whether she said he is not there for an unlawful purpose. I don't think she did. I was sure he was there for some unlawful purpose; yes, to steal. When I knocked at the door I heard more than one person inside. I had some suspicion on hearing two persons and only seeing my wife. I heard the coals rattle, but my wife was not in the cellar. I had my suspicions after that, but I said nothing. (Laughter.) Mr. Dayman.—Before I can convict you must prove that he was there not merely for an unlawful purpose, but for such a purpose as I can take cognizance of. If he was there for an immoral purpose I cannot take cognizance of it. No one can shut his eyes to the conviction that he was there with the consent of your wife.—Prosecutor: She denies it.—Mr. Dayman: It is not whether she denies it. I take your own evidence.—Prosecutor: I should like to know how he came there.—Mr. Dayman: I can't go into that. He was there, no doubt, without your knowledge; but he was there with the consent of some one who had control of the place, and so far he was there lawfully. Let him be discharged.

GARROTTED ROBBERY AND BREAKING A POLICEMAN'S ARM.—John Williams, a smart, active-looking young fellow, was placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham for final examination, charged with being concerned with others in garrotting John Day, and robbing him of a silver watch and gold chain, also with assaulting Sergeant Hunt, 18 M, and breaking his right arm.—The prosecutor said he was a labourer residing at Greenwich, and between one and two in the morning of Wednesday, the 6th instant, he was passing down the Borough, when two men accosted him near a coffee stall. At their request he treated them to some coffee, when the prisoner came up and tried to snatch his watch. He avoided him and proceeded on his way to a friend who lived in Redcross-square. Just as he entered the latter place he was hustled by three men. One of them (the prisoner) seized him by the throat and hurled him backwards, while the others snatched the watch from him. Witness caught hold of the prisoner and had a severe struggle with him, but a friend came up to his assistance and they all ran off. He, however, saw the prisoner taken into custody.—Sarah Rowland, the landlady of the Red Cross Arms beer-house, Red Cross-square, said that the prosecutor was on a visit at her house, and she and her son were sitting up for him. Between one and two on Wednesday morning she heard cries of "Police," and sent her son out to see what was the matter. A few minutes afterwards she heard of the robbery, and found a portion of the watch-chain lying on the pavement outside her door.—Samuel Rowland, son of last witness, said that the prosecutor was a friend of his, and was staying with him for a short time. On the morning in question he heard cries of "Police" and "Murder," and on going out he saw the prisoner holding the prosecutor down by the neck, and two other men ran away. Witness rushed at the prisoner, but he got away. He, however, pursued him, and saw him shortly afterwards in custody.—Sergeant Hunt, 18 M, whose right arm was in a sling, said that he was on duty in High-street shortly after two on Wednesday morning, when he heard cries of "Police," and "Stop thief," and saw the prisoner running towards him followed by last witness. He seized hold of him, and in the struggle he tripped him up, and broke the small bone of his arm. The prisoner then got away, but was re-captured by a cab-driver, who detained him until another constable came up when he was secured. Witness was taken to Guy's Hospital, where his arm was set. The prisoner denied the charge altogether. He said he was going home when he heard the cry of "Stop thief," and saw a man running. He joined the pursuit, when the constable collared him. He had no intention of injuring the constable.—The prosecutor was recalled, and in answer to the magistrate he said he was perfectly sober at the time he was attacked by the prisoner, and he swore positively to his identity.—Mr. Burcham committed him to Newgate for trial.

SINGULAR APPLICATION BY SPECIAL CONSTABLES.—Several persons employed at Deptford Dockyard have attended Greenwich Court and asked advice under the following circumstances:—The spokesman said that in December last they, in company with others employed in Deptford Dockyard were sworn in as special constables, and Captain Superintendent A. P. Eardley Willmot had assumed the office of superintendent over all those who had been so sworn in, and had required them to parade through the town of Deptford, headed by a band. When they (the applicants) consented to be sworn in to act as special constables they had no idea that they would be required to enter into any such display as parading, and on expressing their disinclination to do so, Captain Willmot had dismissed them from being special constables, and had taken from them their badges and truncheons. Their object was to ascertain whether Captain Willmot had the power to dismiss them in this manner.—Mr.

Maude said, that with respect to any arrangement which might have been made by Captain Willmot for dockyard purposes, he had no authority to interfere; but as the applicants had been sworn in to act as special constables for the whole district they still remained as such, and on production of their warrants to the inspector of police, truncheons would be supplied to them.—The applicants thanked his worship and retired.

UNFOUNDED CHARGE AGAINST A POLICEMAN.—Charles Tufre, Police-constable, 215 D, was charged on a summons with an assault.—Alfred Newman said: I reside at No. 12, Salisbury-street, I was in the passage of No. 6, Great Exeter-street, at about a quarter after one, on the morning of Friday week. I was with another young man, and we had some beer which we had brought from a public-house. Defendant came into the passage, and caught me by the collar, and said "Come out, you ——" He dragged me out, and after knocking me down he kicked me in the eye. (It is only fair to mention that complainant when he applied for the summons had no marks of violence upon his face.) He kicked me on my hip and also loosened one of my teeth. Another policeman was with him. I ran away, and went to the police-station to report him, and the acting inspector told me to call again. I got the officer's number, and summoned him.—Cross-examined; I do not live in the house. I was not lying down in the passage. A man named Gordon was with me. He is not here now. The police have given evidence against our family. My brother is doing two years for assaulting the police. My sister is in for two months for a like offence. I never call after the police as they pass my place.—Henry Knight deposed: I reside to No. 9, Stephen-street. On the night in question I was with witness in a public-house in Exeter-street. We left, and were taking some beer up to a friend, but before we could get up I fell asleep in the passage. I had been drinking all day. I was sober enough to give an account of what happened when they woke me. There was Mr. Skinner and his daughter in the passage, and defendant hit me. I was crossing, going to my home, when he struck complainant. I did not see where he struck him till the next morning. I saw a cut across his eye, and his mouth cut. He had no marks on his mouth when he left the public-house.—Mr. Wontner said, I have no question to ask the witness, who seems to have been a sleeping partner in the affair. I will not trouble you, sir, with any lengthy comment upon the case. It is clear that you have before you a person who owes the constable a grudge because he happens to be a witness in a charge against his relative. I have a witness, a lad named Skinner, a call-boy at a theatre, and which occupation necessitates his late arrival home. On the morning in question he arrived at his grandfather's house and found he could not get into the passage. He called to his grandfather and sister. This lad then called for the police, and defendant came up and found the complainant and his witness asleep in the passage, with a can containing beer beside them.—James George Skinner said, I reside with my grandfather. I am call-boy at the Victoria Theatre. I know complainant and his witness by sight. They had no business in our house. I got home about two o'clock in the morning from the theatre. I pushed the door but could not get in. I heard snoring in the passage. I went and found defendant and another policeman, and on returning found complainant and his witness fast asleep in the passage, and the can of beer between them. The police woke them up, and grandfather pushed them out. They went towards Church-street, and the police only followed them a short distance. They did not strike him. At this stage of the case complainant had a conversation with Mr. Lewis, after which Mr. Lewis said, I feel, sir, that it would be a waste of your time to attempt to carry this case any further. My client now tells me he was struck by some one, but by whom he will not say. And whether the blow was intentional or not he will not swear.—Mr. Wontner.—As there is so much feeling shown in the case I must ask the Bench to dismiss the summons and award costs to my client, for his character and position before the commissioners were at stake.—Mr. Mansfield: Well, it is only fair. The summons will be dismissed, and the complainant will have to pay £1 1s. costs to defendant.—He was locked up till the money was paid.

EXTENSIVE AND SYSTEMATIC CONSIGNMENT OF STOLEN WATCHES FROM LIVERPOOL.—Charles Byatt, and Sophia, his wife, Richard Herwin, and Alfred Johnson, were brought up on remand charged with having in their possession a number of gold watches which had been stolen from various persons in Liverpool.—In consequence of information, the source of which was not stated in evidence, Inspector Harnett, Sergeants Chappel and Dowdell, all of the F division, went on Saturday morning, the 1st inst., to Martha-street, Hackney, and watched the house No. 6, in that street, where the Byatts live. They saw the three male prisoners passing repeatedly to and fro between the house and the Cambridge-heath-road, and anxiously looking up and down the road as if expecting some arrival. After this had been going on for some time one of the carts of the Parcels Delivery Company drove up and stopped at Bryatt's door. The three male prisoners came out of the house together and received a parcel from the conductor of the cart. It was a small box. In order to ascertain which of the men would sign the parcel-book acknowledging the receipt of the box, Dowdell followed the cart, and when it stopped, and the box was handed to the prisoners, he walked up to them, and asked Johnson if he knew a man named Bennett, a shoemaker, living in that street. Johnson replied that he did not, and Dowdell was by no means surprised at the answer, having no reason to believe that any such person existed. Byatt, who had taken the box into the house, then came out again, and Dowdell put to him the same inquiry about the imaginary Mr. Bennett, receiving of course, the same reply. Repeating the same inquiry of the others, one by one, Dowdell managed to delay, without exciting their suspicion, until he saw Byatt sign the book. The three officers then took Johnson and Byatt into custody, and Dowdell ran after Herwin (who had slipped away at the first suggestion of suspicion) and brought him back. The box was found to contain twenty-one watches and two gold chains. Byatt then said, "You have got me to rights; but, so help me God, the others had nothing to do with it." He also said he should like to know who gave the information. They told Byatt they must search him, and he said, "This is what you want," and handed Inspector Harnett a letter, enclosing a list of the watches and chains contained in the box, with the price of the gross lot, £29 18s. The letter contained a request that the transaction might be carried out without any such squabbling as occurred on the last occasion. It was dated from Liverpool, and was in the same handwriting as the direction of the box, which had also come from that town. A precisely similar box, with a precisely similar direction in the same hand, was found empty in one of the rooms. Upon the house being searched a large quantity of pawnbrokers' duplicates was found. Both chains and nine of the watches had been identified by persons from whom they had been stolen in Liverpool, and all the others answered the description of property stolen in that town.—The prisoners were remanded.

THE OXFORD PROFESSORSHIP OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Political considerations have nothing to do with the appointment of professors. The real question is, Which is the abler man? not, Which is the more bigoted Tory or the most ardent Liberal? The university that acts on a different principle is guilty of a grave breach of trust; and in hounding Mr. Rogers from his chair the Oxford Tories have furnished one more argument to those who say, that of all bodies, the least fit to be entrusted with power, not excepting an Irish poteen constituency or an English-pocket borough, is a body composed of country parsons and resident dons.—*Telegraph.*

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

LONG ODDS.—Tall Husband and Short Wife.
PUZZLING Epitaph On A Successful Race-Horse.—Often flogged, but never beaten.
NOT HIS FORTUNE.—The most unlikely person to meet at a Monday Popular Concert is Mr. Lowe, because he would object to encouraging Classical Music.

A PROVERB AND A PEER.

Is "nobless oblige" counted a rule to judge Peers by?
Not a word about that to Lord Willoughby D'Eresby!
THE Right Man In The Right Place At Last Discovered.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says, "Mr. Train is now 'lecturing' on the 'True Laws of Health' at a Water-cure establishment, St. Anne's Hill, Blarney, near Cork."

EDUCATION!—Papa (improving the occasion at luncheon): "Now, look, Harry, the circumference of this cake is equal to about three times the diameter, and—" Harry: "Oh, then, Pa, let me have the c'cumference for my share!"
NEW VERSION.—It was the reflection of a thoughtful hall-porter that the self-denying man must be the man who says he is not at home when he is.

WHERE BAD HIPPOPHAGISTS EXPECT TO GO.—Horsemonger Gaol.

INQUIRE WITHIN.

(Friday, February 17th.)

Oh, give me back my Arab steed,

My pet! I've never beaten him.

A voice comes from the Langham: "We'd

With pleasure, but we've eaten him."

FUN.

IN RE MATILDA.—What does it cost to make a whole family "as merry as grigs"? Ask Ruskin, and go and do likewise.

STRATEGY.—Trotters, our postman, is the merriest fellow alive, and as fond of a joke as a schoolboy. Leaving an imposing-looking Valentine at Miss Virginia Crabbe's, he took occasion to remark that he had not yet received his Christmas Box. Result, a half-crown immediately sent out. Now, we have reason to believe that the Valentine was not a complimentary one, and, further, that it was Trotters' own handiwork. It was too bad of him!

THE CART (S) BEFORE THE HORSE.—The Bill of Fare at a Horse Banquet.

THE MILKY WAY AND THE LATE FROST.—Ingenuous milk-woman: "Freezing! I believe yer! We couldn't break the ice in the horse-trough. It's a wonder yer got yer milk!"

THE (RAGA)MUFFIN-MAN.—Marquis Townshend.

ON THE G. W. R., or, a Growl with a Reason.—Where should Toppers be sent?—To Tap-low.

WHY does a policeman seize his man by the collar?—For collateral security.

SECOND THOUGHTS.—How to bring up your man to the call of "Time!"

THE MAIN BRACE.—Fighting cocks.

CURIOS.—We have heard a young lady scream at the sight of a mouse, but we never, never knew one to be scared by a rat-tat on Valentine's day.

JUDY.

WHAT can be worse than losing the sight of one eye?—Losing the sight of both eyes, stupid.

WHAT do kittens play at on boxing-day?—Tip-cat, of course

A PRINCIPAL Ritualistic Vestment.—The Cloak of Religion.

A LUMINOUS Query.—Is a lantern-jawed man invariably light-headed?

HAPPY IS THE WOMAN, ETC.—Pardonable excitement of Miss Minerva Miggles on receiving a letter on the 14th of February.

MISS M: It is—yes—no—yes, it is—yes—Oh; Rapture—no—"At this inclement season of the year your kind assistance—Home for Decayed Gentlewomen"—Oh, drat it!

A PAW creature.—The cat.

VALENTINE VOX.—The "voice of love," we suppose.

WHAT portions of the body are the best travellers?—The two wrists.

"THE Queen's English."—Of course she is, "in thought, word, and deed!"

"COMMUNICATED" from the Horse Guards.—Brown Bess was laid aside because it was found to be unshootable.

WHAT the council of King's College said to Professor Maurice when he was dismissed for heretical teaching—"O Mores!"

BACONIC.—"What can't be cured must be endured;" exemplified in the case of the noisy and offensive pig that is not fit for killing.

"BY Y'R LAVE."—Why do Irishmen resemble the waves of the Atlantic?—Because they never cease lavin' the shores of the "ould country."

"THE Sooner the Better."—When the Navy, abandoning the "cat," shall be able to take for its motto, "Sans peur et sans reproche!"

A SETTLER.—Adolphus (admired for his sentiment): "Good night, beloved—may the drowsy god soon wrap that beauteous form in golden slumber—may delicious dreams hover o'er thy couch!"—Emily (his betrothed, somewhat matter-of-fact): "Good Night. Be sure you turn the gas off, put your boots out, and—don't snore!"—Adolphus never tried it "no more."

BREECH-LOADERS.—The sub-committee on breech-loaders last week brought to a conclusion the prize competition, the competitive trials, that is to say, which were instituted with a view to awarding the prizes offered in the War Office advertisement of the 22nd of October, 1866. The decision of the committee will no doubt shortly be made public, but this decision is in reality of comparatively little importance to the public, however interesting to the competitors, for the reason that, as we have more than once explained, it has no sort of connection with the adoption of the new military breech-loader. We are glad to be able to announce that Col. Fletcher's committee has consented to continue its labours, and to undertake the very important inquiry necessary to the selection of the arm of the future. We explained some time ago the reasons which appeared to us to recommend the retention of the services of this committee for this purpose. We understand that the committee propose sitting at the War Office for some time, to take evidence on points connected with rifles, calibre, &c., before arranging the programme of experiments which may seem to them necessary to the solution of this very important question.

THE KING OF PATAGONIA.—Orlitz Antoine I., Prince of Tounens, and King of Arapacaria and Patagonia, formerly an attorney at Perigueux (Dordogne), has addressed a letter to the members of the French Chamber of Deputies, requesting them to press the Government to replace him on the throne of Patagonia, "It only requires," says his Majesty, "a friendly intervention in Chili and the Argentine Republic, in order to obtain from these States solemn treaties, which will assure for the present and for the future profound peace between them and the neighbouring nations. I could then introduce into my kingdom the elements of civilisation." The French papers which mention this application to the Chamber do not state how it came to pass that a French attorney should have sat on the throne of Patagonia, or how it came to pass that he was expelled from that elevated position.

OUR PAUPERS.

THE Midsummer enumeration of paupers has just been published. It shows that there were 926,000 paupers, in round numbers, in receipt of relief on the 1st of July last in all England and Wales, or 41,000 more than at the same time in 1866. This return we understand is a complete census, no class that receives support or aid from the poor rates being excluded from the statement. The indoor paupers were 134,000, and the outdoor 792,000. Six months earlier, i.e. on the 1st of January, 1867, the total pauperism appears to have been 963,000. Of that number 148,000 persons were relieved in the workhouses, and 815,000 at their own homes. Comparing these figures with the former, it comes out that the indoor poor fell into the ranks of the industrious more rapidly than the out-door. Nine per cent. between mid-winter and mid-summer quitted the union houses; while three per cent. only had their names erased from the books of the relieving officer. The proportions of the rate-succoured poor, who as "able-bodied" or "not able-bodied" actually undergo the workhouse test, are curiously diverse. For one able-bodied pauper who obtains the shelter and endures the discipline of the "house," ten or eleven have their crust of bread and liberty as subjects of the relieving officer. Of the not able-bodied, for one indoor there are less—so we deduce from the July figures—than five out-door paupers. The metropolis alone contributed 20,000 paupers to the aggregate increase; this as against Midsummer 1866 means a rise of 20 per cent. The increase, however, in the adult able-bodied was 2,600 or 13 per cent. Cornwall, Lancashire, Durham, and Monmouth exhibited large augmentations of pauperism both generally and in the able-bodied class.

OLD DECCAN DAYS.

In a very charming little book, called "Old Deccan Days," for which we are indebted to Sir Bartle and Lady Frere, there is a remark, in a note by the former, which illustrates one of the causes, and not the least, of the unpopularity of British rule in India. It is said all over the country that in the old times the rupee went much further than it does now, and that this is all owing to the English. The complaint of the present high prices of all the necessities of life, says Sir Bartle Frere, "is to be heard in the household of public functionaries, the highest as well as the lowest, in every grade of native society, and more or less in all parts of the country." "Very bitter," he adds, "are the invectives often directed against the Government which makes bread dear." There is another side to the evil, on which also the writer dwells in justice to his own fellow-labourers in India. These high prices make Indian service increasingly unpopular with British officers. "Economists and statisticians are well aware," it is said, "that the great and steady rise in prices of late years in India is one of the consequences of the long-continued influx of the precious metals, and therefore a symptom of the growing prosperity of the country; but the English subaltern or railway engineer finds only that it leaves him at the end of the year a poorer man than he would have been at home, when he expected to be richer, and he is very apt to attribute his disappointment to the Government, and to imagine that he has been entrapped into a bad bargain." We quite think with Sir Bartle Frere that "the complaint deserves far more consideration than it has hitherto received."

KEEPING COMPANY.

A WRITER in the last number of the *Saturday Review*, giving an account of the Countess von Kolonitz's work on Mexico, says, "One relationship between the sexes is peculiar to Mexico. A man may pay a girl certain attentions, may ride with her, walk with her, sit by her side at the theatre, and escort her wherever an escort is needed, without being considered to be engaged to her. He is simply her 'novio.' It is a mistake to say that the practice is peculiar to Mexico. It exists throughout the continent of North America, under different governments and nationalities. It is practised in the best society at Washington, while in Canada young ladies may wander about in the utmost freedom escorted by their 'muffin.' The system, in fact, is identical with that known in the lower classes of English life as 'keeping company.' A servant girl of respectable character will 'keep company' with her young man for a length of time without any understanding on either side that an engagement to marry is implied by their so doing. They may suit each other well enough to proceed to an engagement, or they may not. The system no doubt, though possibly liable to some objection, has its uses, as familiarising young people to each other's ways and characters before the pledge, irrevocable in honour, is taken. If they weary of each other, it is better to weary before the plunge is taken than after. As it is, the lover's leap in the educated ranks of English society is for the most part a 'leap in the dark' from little more than formal acquaintance to the lifelong vow of love and duty."

OUR IRONCLADS.

THE President of the Institution of Civil Engineers made a statement which is well calculated to startle the public, although based upon documents which are in everybody's hands, and substantially known to every member of Parliament accustomed to discuss the navy estimates. "The sum devoted to the construction of new iron-clad ships for the current year is less," said Mr. Gregory, "than one-twelfth of the vote for the navy, and is barely sufficient to build three ironclad frigates," a fact which, as he justly added, merits the greatest consideration. The simple meaning of the fact is that at a time when it is perfectly clear that the power of a nation is proportioned to the strength of its ironclad fleet, our statesmen and administrators are content to spend upon other objects more than eleven-twelfths of the ten-and-a-half millions

taken from the country for the maintenance of its naval power. If there be any error in Mr. Gregory's figures it arises from his having understated the case, as we will show on a future occasion. Meantime, let us hope that the estimates for '68-'69, which must now be in course of preparation, will be based upon a more satisfactory principle, especially as it is well known that at the present moment we are in an unfit condition to engage with confidence in a naval war, even with France alone.—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

THE RIOTS AT CORK.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing on Tuesday, says:—"The rioting here last night was very prolonged, and rather serious. One boy, named Leary, was ridden down by a horse policeman, and subsequently died in hospital; while the number of bayonet wounds inflicted by the police on the crowd, and of contused wounds inflicted on the police by stone-throwing, is very large. The rioting, properly so called, commenced about four o'clock in the afternoon, and lasted, with little intermission, till after eleven o'clock. The day being Monday was a sort of half-holiday with many tradesmen, who, in consequence, thronged the streets, only too ready to join in and encourage any scene of popular excitement. Towards evening these were joined by vast crowds of women and children, whose power of at least adding to the confusion of the scene could not be exaggerated. They assembled chiefly on the Grand Parade, off which the principal police-station is, filled up the approaches to the station, and kept up a scene of the utmost disorder for many hours. As this was rendering the street entirely impassable, apart from the direct annoyance it gave, the police had several times to charge amongst the crowd to clear them away, but they had hardly returned to the station on any occasion when the mob again pressed in on their former station and kept up their shouting, groaning, stone-throwing, and other annoyances. Symptoms, too, of the disloyal tendency of the mob were to be found in the frequent sympathising references to the Fenian prisoners and Fenianism, shouted out occasionally by persons in it—a feature in the conduct of the mob which received its most forcible illustration when a fellow named Pendergast, a workman of the city, climbed on the top of the fountain just alongside the police barracks, but surrounded by the mob, and called for 'three cheers for the Irish Republic.' It was evident this could not be tolerated, and the police began, in consequence, a series of determined efforts to clear the streets and capture Pendergast. There is no doubt that at this time, near nine o'clock at night, the patience of the police force was well nigh exhausted, as, indeed, it reasonably might be, seeing that it had been greatly tried continuously from four o'clock by one of the vilest of street mobs. The consequence was a series of determined charges, in which some horse policemen took part, and in one of which the lad Leary received the injury which resulted in his death. It is impossible at present to make out a full list of casualties, but there is no doubt it would be a long one, though only one death might appear upon it. About eleven o'clock rain began to fall, and then only did the crowd begin to clear off the streets. At midnight the city had been nearly restored to tranquillity. The arrested persons were brought up at the police office on Wednesday and remanded."

ROME AND ITALY.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Florence on the 20th ult., says:—"The Government here seems disposed to seek popularity by entering into negotiations with the Vatican for the purpose of obtaining a *modus vivendi* between Italy and Rome without the intervention of France. Such as I learn on good authority, is the object of Marquis Gualterio's mission to Rome. The Marquis is a Roman by origin, having been born in the vicinity of Perugia, and though some years ago he conspired against the Holy See, his opinions have changed considerably since the September Convention. This new move of General Menabrea's, though there can be little doubt of its failure so far as the immediate object of the mission is concerned, is likely enough to gain him the support of the moderate clericals, who are again agitating in various districts with the object of regaining their old influence on public affairs. It will also provide the Government with an answer against the Radicals, who accuse it of being the slave of France, and doing nothing to satisfy the national aspirations. The Marquis left for Rome on the 16th, and bears a letter from the King to the Pope."

ROBBERY BY A CASHIER.—A young man named Thring is in custody at Southampton, charged with robbing the National Provincial Bank at Okehampton, in South Devon, of £500. The prisoner was cashier, at the above bank, and as he did not make his appearance last Saturday evening the safe was forced, and it was then discovered that about £500 inclusive of some notes that had not been issued from the bank were missing. The police telegraphed to various towns, and the superintendent of the Southampton force waited at an hotel the prisoner's return from a place of amusement, where he addressed him as a person whom he knew, and thus threw him off his guard. Upwards of £490 of the amount has been recovered.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.—It is said that in the searches made by the police for some trace of Mr. Speke a strange discovery has been made in a dilapidated house in one of the slums of Westminster. In a kitchen was found a chopping-block, made fast to the floor, of the kind that butchers ordinarily use. No ostensible purpose could be assigned for it in such a situation; and no ordinary force was sufficient to move it. By accident one of the police touched a spring, and the top (found to be a lid) flew open, and it was discovered that the sham block was not only hollow, but that it communicated with the main sewer. The authority for this statement is a letter in the *Manchester Guardian*.

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